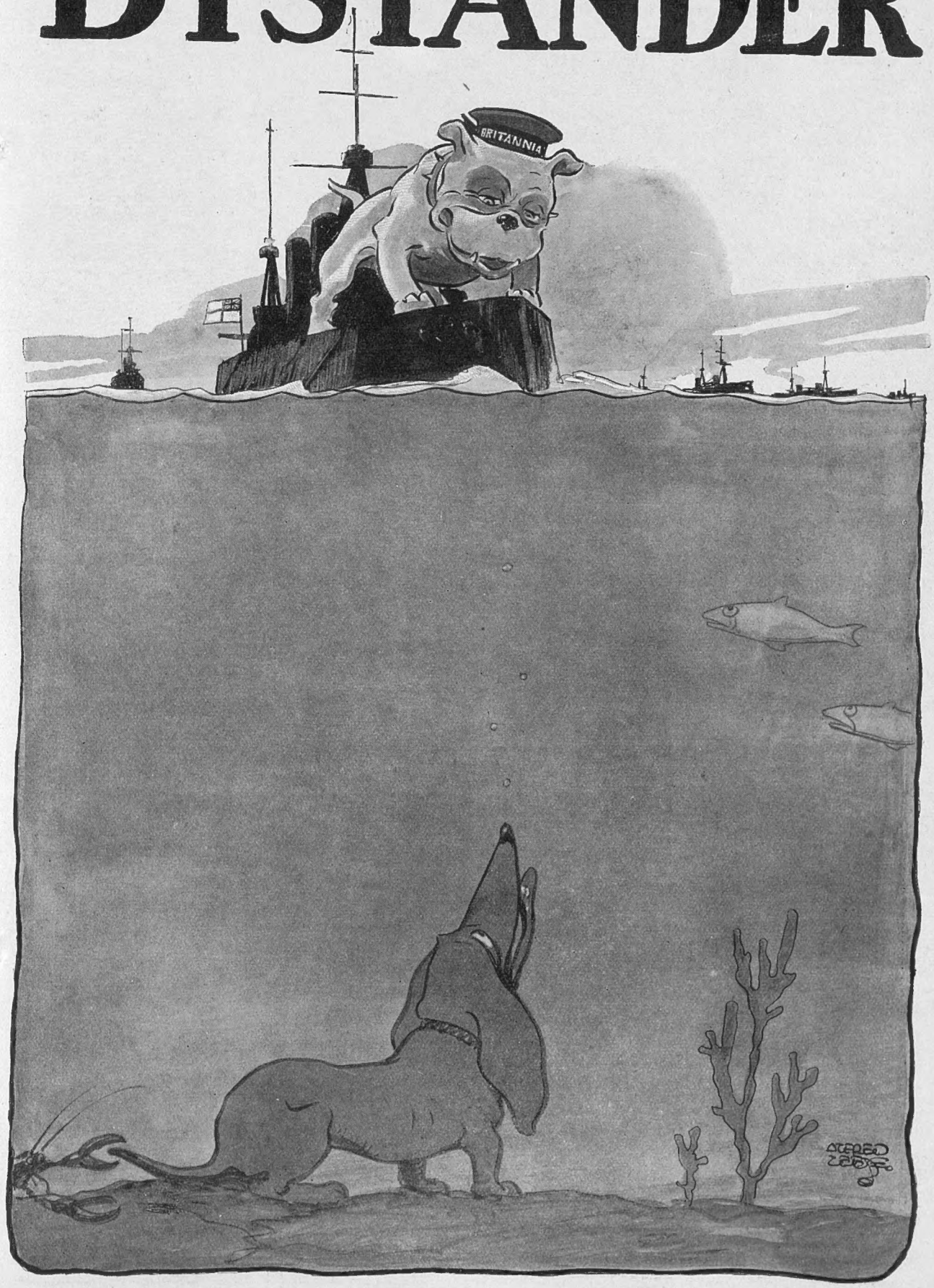
The Bystander, March 10, 1915.—No. 588. Vol. XLV.

The BYSTANDER



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A WONDERFUL TESTIMONY TO A REMARKABLE PICTURE.

FEW pictures in modern times have attracted such widespread notice as "The Great Sacrifice," Mr. James Clark's beautiful oil painting, which is reproduced in the Christmas Number of *The Graphic*. Through the medium of the popular high-class weekly it has come before an immense audience in all parts of the Empire, and it is still being eagerly sought by people who are anxious to preserve so fine a reflection of Great Britain's present elevated mood.

In response to numerous requests by the Clergy and other influential people, it has been decided to reissue this remarkable War Picture, in various forms suitable for Ecclesiastical and general use. This picture has brought forth unstinted praise from no fewer than thirteen Bishops. The original has been purchased by Her Majesty the Queen, and a replica is being painted for H.M. Queen Alexandra.

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BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

The Dangers of Advertisement

ON the whole, it is a good motto in life not to believe too much in anything too extensively advertised. And the motto certainly holds good as regards Germany in this war. The greatest secrecy was observed about her 42-centimetre guns and the excellent equipment of her troops. They had no Press paragraphs before the event, no pæans sung by inspired prophets. These were especially reserved for the Zeppelins, which have, as a matter of fact, been the outstanding failure of this war — though one can hardly follow Mr. Maxse in styling their amiable inventor "the crazy count."

GENERAL D'AMADE

Who is in command of the Allies' Forces operating on the shores of the Dardanelles

* * *

The German Spy

And take another thing that was widely advertised before the war, the German spy system. Has it really been a success? True, it was admirably organised, as is everything German, and it talked no end about itself. But despite its omniscience and omnipresence Germany has, from sheer lack of reliable information, been landed in a war that must ruin her for many, many years. The true inference, judging from a few significant facts, is that our own Intelligence Department seems to be far better served, though everybody always talks as if we were children at the game as compared with the Germans.

* * *

Alien Enemies

So I really think that people do the Germans too much credit when they try to make our flesh creep with hints of the mysterious, almost superhumanly, clever ruses of incredibly wily Teutons. The Teutons are not wily at all; they are rather slow, methodical, and determined — useful qualities, all three, but of little use for spying. That is why I have never been able to consider these thousands of waiters and barbers quite so dangerous as people seem to think. They must be guarded, of course, because, if there is an air raid or an attempt at invasion, any stupid man with a pair of fists is as good as another to make trouble. But don't let's pay them the greatest possible compliment by pretending to be afraid of their superior intelligence.

* * *

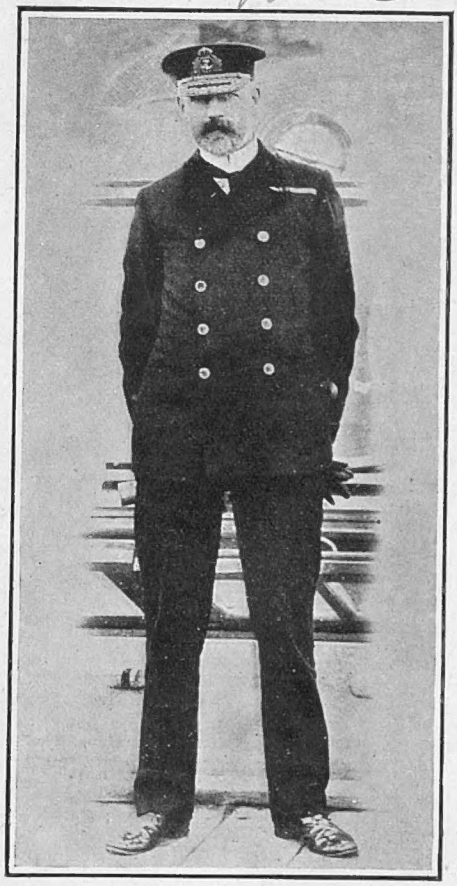
A Pertinent Question

Which is the impression the recent debate in the House leaves on one's mind. The inexplicable part about our whole attitude is the fact that while we carefully shut up the small fry, who cannot, in the very nature of things, do much harm, we allow Baron von Bissing to live at Hove and Baron von Bülow to live at Putney. Or can there have been "influence" at work? Both gentlemen are *so* well connected.

* * *

Funny—and Tragic

If the whole aniline dye business were not so humiliating it would be merely comical. But the spectacle of the Government making rules for themselves to break is not an edifying one, and no Englishman can help feeling a little ashamed. As a nation we are so very keen on cheapness for its own sake that perhaps the lesson may be a useful one. In any case, a better example of national carelessness could hardly be imagined. An Englishman discovered aniline dyes and — let us be frank — the Germans, owing to superior organisation and enterprise, have reaped all the profit of the discovery.



VICE-ADMIRAL A. H. LIMPUS

Formerly Naval Adviser to the Turkish Government. He was also a Vice-Admiral in the Turkish Fleet, and his knowledge of Turkey's naval defences has doubtless proved of use to the Allies

* * *

The Real Difficulty

At the same time, the difficulty, given the conditions as they actually are, is not to be solved by a mere question of protection after the war, as some people seem to think. I have been told by those who ought to know that the German dye-manufacturers are, as a matter of fact, so highly organised and so admirably equipped that it would take

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

years for us to be able to compete with them. The basis of the whole German fabric is the undoubted aptitude of the average German for chemistry and the consequent abundant supply of skilled chemists willing to work for little money. I'm afraid this all sounds very prosaic and dull, but people should understand the facts—and begin to understand why, even from a commercial point of view, we cannot neglect education with impunity.

* * *

A Great Asset

Among all the comments on the operations of the Allied Fleet in the Dardanelles nobody has suggested, so far as I know, one great advantage enjoyed, at any rate, by the British, and, presumably, shared by their Allies. It is, briefly, this. The Turkish Fleet was, up to the outbreak of war, being trained by an English Admiral, Vice-Admiral Limpus, who must, of necessity, be perfectly informed as to the various defences of the Dardanelles, besides being thoroughly familiar with the whole region. Whether he is himself present with the fleet I do not, of course, know, but the value of his information must, in any case, be very considerable.

THE HON. NEIL PRIMROSE, M.P.

Younger son of the Earl of Rosebery, whose engagement to Lady Victoria Stanley has been announced. He is M.P. for the Wisbech Division of Cambridgeshire, and Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office

* * *

Cousin Jonathan

The United States cannot be said, even by their warmest admirers, to be playing a very heroic part in this historical year. Sitting on the fence is never a dignified attitude, even when entirely justifiable. And the picture of the States sitting on their own particular fence, dealing first a little kick at Germany and then at the Allies, is not inspiring. At the present time Dr. Wilson has succeeded in annoying both parties alike—for no reason whatever, so far as I can see. Did the Americans really think it was possible to have a world-wide war raging without their being inconvenienced in the slightest? And, without being indiscreet, one may hint that we have really done our best to keep certain of her industries from being too idle!

LADY VICTORIA STANLEY

Only daughter of the Earl of Derby. The announcement of her engagement to the Hon. Neil Primrose was one of the most interesting items of last week's non-war news

* * *

London's Little Ways

What a curious city is London! Up till a few days ago the theatres were doing most excellent business, and now, so I hear, there has suddenly come a slump. The only reason I can imagine is that this has been a week of good news. In war-time London seems to have a peculiar habit of wanting to go to the theatre, especially when the news is bad. It was thus, I am told, during the "Black Week" of the Boer War, when the theatres were packed; and it has been said the same thing holds good of the more critical periods of this war. Not altogether an unpleasing trait, I think, though quite unintelligible to the foreigner.

* * *

Not Altogether Seemly

One need not be a fanatical believer in artistic "nationalism" to feel rather curiously about Brahms' "Requiem Mass" being performed for our own dead. Doubtless art is international, and all the rest of it, but Brahms is, in fact, the most German of German composers, and the "Requiem" is not only called "A German Requiem," but is characteristically Teutonic in feeling. I am afraid it means that we are not very much in earnest about our music. Can anybody imagine, let us say, the second part of *Faust* being staged at a special matinée for the benefit of our soldiers' widows and orphans?

* * *

The Betrothal of the Week

The latest engagement—that of Mr. Neil Primrose to Lady Victoria Stanley—is really quite a romantic one. Love laughs at—politics, and this engagement may provide some piquant situations when the present party truce comes to an end; for Mr. Primrose is a *very* rising young Liberal, and a son of ex-Prime Minister Rosebery, so that the bride's father, Lord Derby, who is in the running for the Unionist premiership, may one day have his only son-in-law in opposition. Politics apart, though, this alliance between the Stanleys and the Cohen-Primroses is of the most suitable. Both families are very rich; both love racing, and Lady Victoria's friends at Court are so numerous that she even dresses Royally.

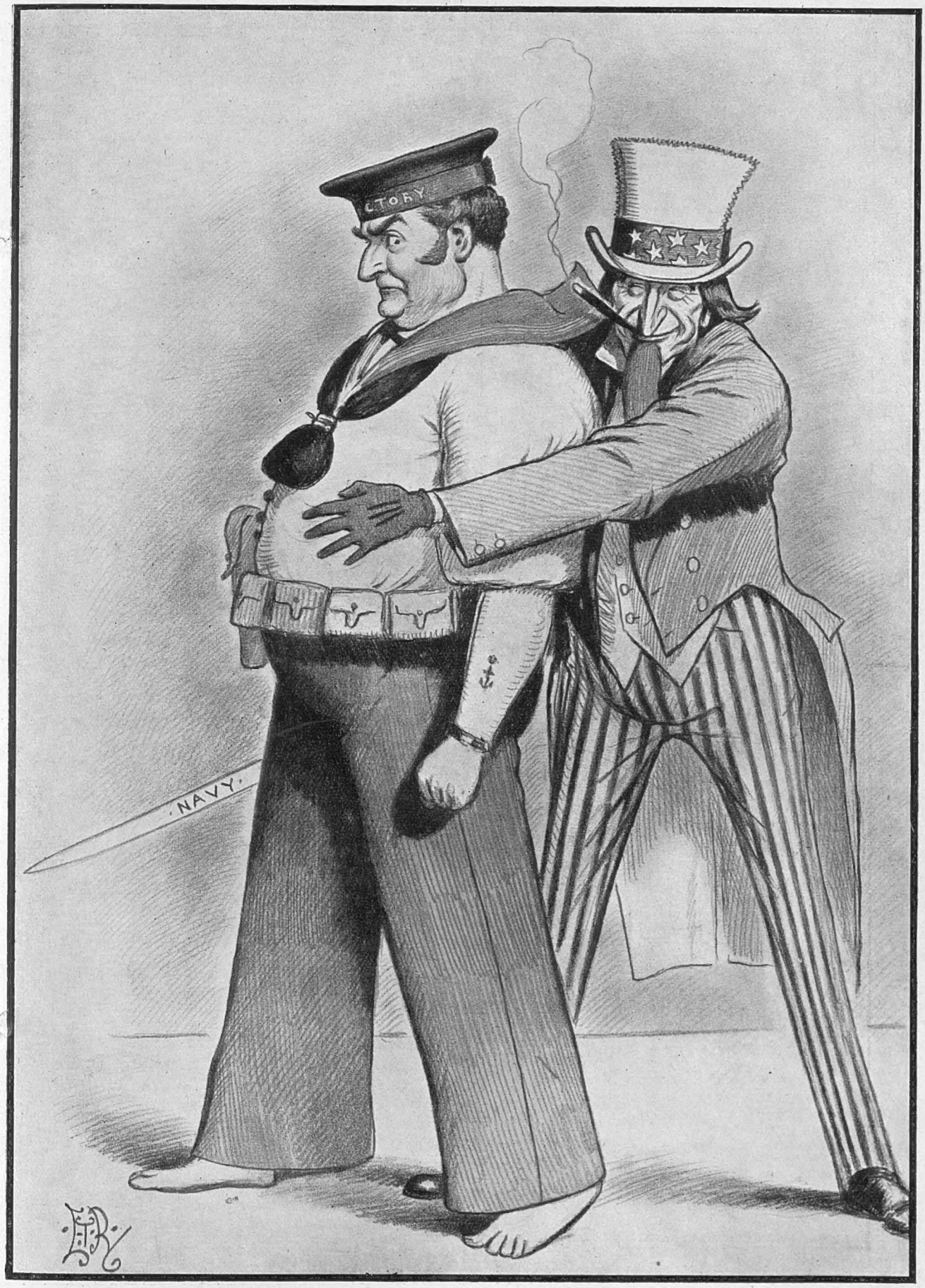
* * *

To Race or Not to Race

May I suggest to the Editor of the *Times*, now that its price is one penny, that he give prominence to the views on *popular* questions—such as "Racing In War-Time"—of the *people?* Dukes, school-

(Continued on page 324)

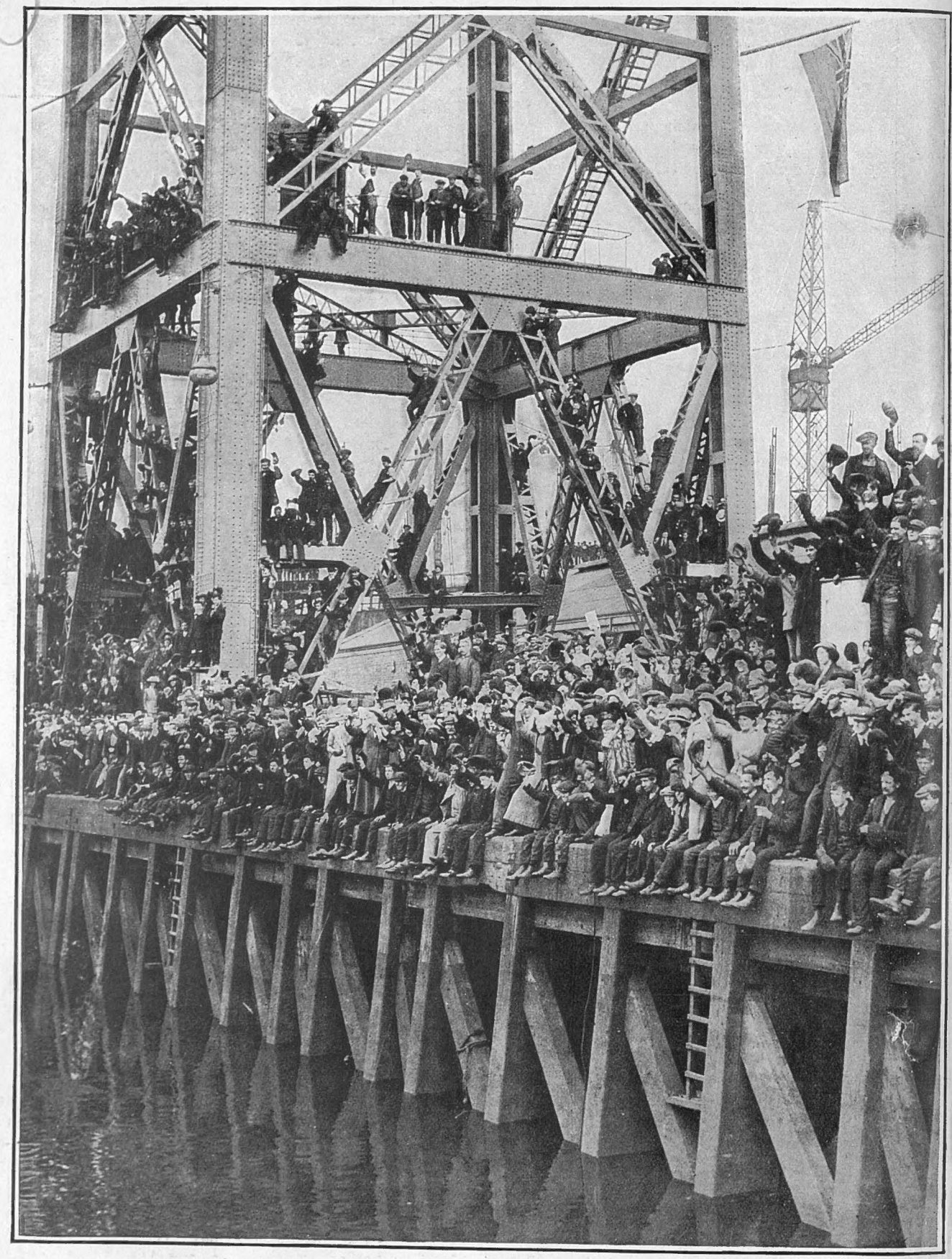
Our Embarrassing Cousin



JONATHAN: "In spite 'f my noo-trality, John, d'ye notice how 'ffectionate I am?—how I sympathise with yer?"

JOHN BULL: "M-m'yes, that's all right, but I should like it better just now if you'd leave my hands a bit freer to fight those rascals as they deserve!"

For Men May—Strike



ENGINEERS OF THE CLYDE—WHERE THE STRIKE CAME FROM

Our illustration, taken last summer, on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen to Glasgow, shows a big gathering of Clyde engineers cheering their Majesties at the Great Parkhead Works. They have since been less patriotically occupied—or rather unoccupied

While Women Must—Work

Photograph *Underwood*

PRINCESS MARGARET OF DENMARK

A Niece of Queen Alexandra, who is working as a nurse in the Military Hospital at Harrogate

MRS. PARKER, LORD KITCHENER'S SISTER

Opening a new tea room for soldiers' and sailors' wives, organised under her auspices at Edmonton

THE VICOMTESSE DE LA PANOUSE

President of the French Red Cross in England, working at the Headquarters of the Society, 25, Knightsbridge

These portraits of three out of the hundreds of distinguished women who are working hard in the cause of the Allies, taken in conjunction with events which have recently happened on the Clyde, would seem to indicate that it is the "Idle" Classes who must needs work, and the "Working" Classes who can afford to idle just now

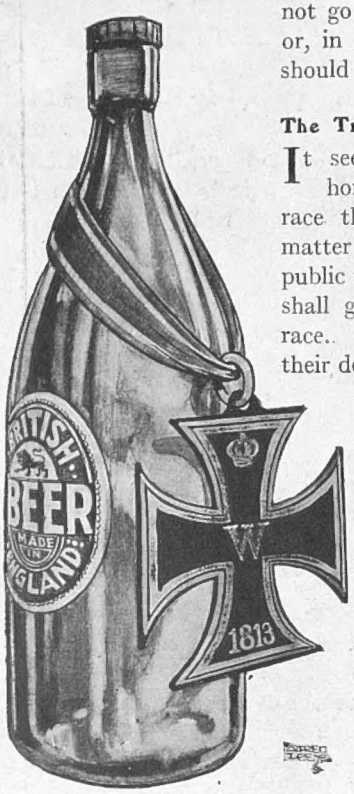
BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded from page 320)

masters, and octogenarian *savants* are all very well at times, but the crowd is not inclined to accept as final their dicta on the question whether it should or should not go racing this season, or, in fact, as to what it should do at any time.

* * *

The True Position

It seems to me that if horsebreeders like to race their horses it is a matter exclusively for the public whether or not they shall go and watch them race. In the event of their deciding to do so, the owners of the stands are as much within their rights in taking money as are letters of seats at any other place of entertainment, instruction, or exchange.



ACCORDING TO ST. DAVID

* * *

The Liberty of the Subject

As to the propriety of race-going, that is exclusively a matter for individual taste. It so happens that in war-time the classes from which the bulk of racegoers are drawn—the well-to-do leisured, professional, or commercial classes—are mainly on war service, and, therefore, are unlikely to be largely represented. If present at all, they will be in uniform, as they are in every other conceivable place of amusement without objection being taken. The others have the perfect liberty in a free country to do as they choose. Their presence at a race-meeting can be no more improper than their presence—to which nobody seems to object—at a theatre, music-hall, or cinema.

* * *

This Is No Time For Priggishness!

People who think racing wrong in peace-time will, no doubt, think it trebly wrong now, just as people who ordinarily disapprove drinking, smoking, dancing, and other forms of frivolity now see their iniquity intensified. But we have no time for fools, prigs, pedants, snobs, and pokenoses. What we wonder is why the able editor of the *Times*, with the price of paper gone up, lets them occupy so much of his valuable space.

* * *

What the Kaiser Wants Most

Who, by the way, will rejoice most greatly at the suppression of "smart" social functions? Answer: H.I.M. the Kaiser. If there is one thing he has envied England more than her Empire and her Fleet it has been her "*Smartheit.*" If he can claim to have killed by his war our position as the leader of the world of sport and fashion, he will have the bells rung as never before. For rest pretty sure that if such affairs as Epsom and Ascot are to lose their continuity they will find it vastly difficult to regain it. Once give Stiggins and Pecksniff the lead in this country and they will keep it against all rivals.

A Great Scheme

This being essentially a year of retrenchment, if not exactly of reform, all the ladies had tried to make up their mind to do without new spring clothes. This, of course, would not at all have suited the views of the Fashion-Sirens, who seemed to be threatened with unemployment. But their wits were quite equal to the emergency. Usually they are content with some more or less slight modification of the prevailing fashion. This year they have changed it altogether.

* * *

The Mere Male's Plaint

They have, in fact, set out on a regular campaign to make it impossible for women to go on wearing narrow skirts. By prodigious advertisement, bargains, etc., they have determined to "bring in" wide skirts, so that every woman who would not look dowdy will have to order a new one sooner or later. It is a subtle, deadly trick, and let not the male reader think it is no concern of his. On the contrary, *the* joke is on him all right, as the Americans say. For it is he who will, in the end, have to pay for the whole thing—advertisements and all.

* * *

Raleigh Redivivus

How well-guarded, from the B.P., at any rate, was the secret of the *Queen Elizabeth's* inclusion in the Allies' squadron despatched to flush and brush the Dardanelles! I am told that the G.N. was thoroughly bluffed by the B.N. when our latest battleship left port. Her oil-fed majesty was apparently so painted and disguised that she easily eluded the German submarines waiting in home waters. In other words, Lord Fisher was the modern Raleigh who provided Queen Bess, confronted by a muddy passage, with a safe cloak.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred a decoration upon Professor Rausenberger, the inventor of the 42-centimetre gun which fires the "Jack Johnsons." Not to be outdone by his royal ally, the Kaiser has (it is rumoured) decorated the real Jack Johnson with the Iron Cross

The Earldom of Cadogan

A SUCCESSION THAT HAS UNDERGONE FOUR CHANGES

Photographs *Lafayette*

THE NEW COUNTESS CADOGAN

Formerly Miss Lilian Coxon, daughter of Mr. George Coxon, of Craigleigh, Cheltenham. The new Earl, to whom she was married in 1911, and whose portrait is inset, is the late Lord Cadogan's third son. The eldest son died in 1878 and the second son in 1908, while two years later the grandson, who had become heir to the title, died at the age of seven. Thus the title Viscount Chelsea was borne by three heirs who did not succeed to the Earldom. It now descends to the year-old son of the present Earl and Countess

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

LONDON, *March* 8, 1915

DEAR COUSIN—

SOMETIMES these days—but not very often, thank goodness—I find myself rather despairing of the two things I'm really most proud of—my country and my countrymen. War brings to light some of the best and finest in men, I know, but it also shows up some of the worst and meanest. And of this last we've been having a good deal more than is pleasant just lately in a labour dispute that's surely sordid beyond words.

* * *

The masters want to make more money, so do the men, and this though admittedly they're both coining it faster than they've ever done before. Not that there's any harm in wanting to make money—we all do. It's in making it or being prepared to make it at the expense of the country and its crying needs that the mean and sordid part comes in.

"If they really rob the British workman of his drink—nothing will bring the war home to us sooner than *that*—will it?"

* * *

Already, you know, there are some quite warm little scandals all about fortunes piled up by contractors and manufacturers and suchlike who've seized a "Heaven"-sent chance to batten on England's difficulties and dangers. And exploit their work-people, too, some of them. I heard only yesterday of some trained tailoresses who had lost their job through the war, driven to making bandoliers for the troops at the noble sum of a halfpenny each!

* * *

A vile thing, money, isn't it? It played a pretty large part, they say, in the first dreadful weeks of the war, when wholesale bribery and corruption helped to pave the path of the Germans towards Paris. And there's not much doubt, of course, that it's been the ruling factor in making some of the neutral nations so very neutral that they uttered not a word against the German outrages in Belgium and France, but were simply horrified at the very idea of any possible hindrance of neutral trade.

* * *

But at least our home troubles have had one good result—they've dragged the Ministers from their lairs and made them do a little public speaking for their money. And a little plain speaking, too—not before it was needed. It was quite time that someone responsible should begin to rub it in to us that we don't grasp yet in the least the awful big job we're up against. As I've just been reading in the *Times*, such a dispute as this labour one could not possibly have occurred at all if the public realised we were at war.

* * *

Of course, it's very calm and British and all that to conduct a war, as Mr. Lloyd George says, as if there were no war. But I'm not sure that to laugh at things that ought to make us, anyway, think, is quite the quickest way to success. In fact, a little more pessimism—that's what we need. And a little more from a few more Ministers would, perhaps, do, at any rate, something to counteract the horribly dangerous super-optimism of some of the papers.

* * *

But if they really rob the British workman of his drink, as they threaten to, or some of it—nothing will bring war home to us sooner than *that*, will it? Not that I can see England going the whole hog in that way like Russia, which doesn't drink vodka any longer, or even France, which has abolished absinthe. We've too many prominent people closely interested in the drink trade for that—and too many prominent Liberals among them.

* * *

London in war-time, though—Mr. Lloyd George is not the only person to find it nothing less than astonishing. We seem to have settled down, as it were, now we've got accustomed to the khaki in the streets, and apart from that we, that is, the majority of Londoners, seem to be going on just as usual—in fact, with rather more theatre-going and restaurant-dining and that sort of thing, than usual. War's actually put an edge on to our amusements—imagine it! Is it feverish excitement, I wonder, or just crass lack of understanding and imagination?

* * *

Walk down Bond Street any fine morning or afternoon, and it's hard to find—but for the khaki on the pavements and in the shops—a single sign of war, a single sign that we're in the grip of just as grim a tragedy as Belgium knows and France was on the verge of. Glassy motor-cars, white-lined and silver-mounted, still stop the way as thick as peas in a pod, and lunching at the Carlton or the Ritz, it all looks

just as it ever did—the same peers feeding the same bright stars of revue, the same Society ladies in the same expensive clothes, the same expensive food, the same expensive drink, the same (only a little different) alien waiter.

"The same peers feeding the same bright stars of revue"

At the theatres and music-halls new plays and revues are positively pouring on—and without even a particle of a pretence of seriousness or purpose about them. The purifying effect of war we all talked so much about—where is it? The same sort of chorus girls—and men—are taking the middle of the stage again just as much as ever and just as lightly clothed as ever, and any night of the week the Britisher, whose country is fighting a very hard fight for its very existence, may be seen in his thousands absolutely absorbed in the very last touch in rag-time or the latest undressing act

* * *

What are the popular dramas and the stage idols of this great crisis in our history? An Irving in *Hamlet*, a Benson in *King Henry IV.*? Not a bit of it. The attractions of the moment are such "features" as Elsie Janis at the Palace (revue), Arthur Playfair at the Ambassadors (revue), Bobby Hale at the Alhambra (revue), Joe Coyne in "He Didn't Want To Do It" (farce), and Gaby Deslys in a new revue—by Barrie, of all people!

* * *

Meanwhile, at Millbank Hospital there is a little body of wounded English soldiers just returned from prison in Germany. They are not paraded before the public, nor would they consent to parade themselves. They are not very presentable figures, perhaps. Some have lost arms or legs, some have had part of their faces or the tops of their heads blown away—all are maimed for life. Yet they're all as cheery as possible. *They* don't worry about London enjoying itself, but don't you think it would be a little more—well, decent, if the London that's enjoying itself worried itself just a little more about them—and the thousands of others like them?

* * *

Really, though, it beats me—how some people can be as cheerful as they are just now. Every day there are heavy casualty lists, lists that seldom contain less than four or five hundred names, and, apart from their sufferings, there is all the pain and anxiety caused to everyone who belongs to them. And all this, in a way, for so little.

* * *

Those who can read between the lines of the despatches say that there really have been some significant advances just lately. But to the ordinary person it's very hard to see that any progress is being made. A desperate struggle for "a mound here, a house there, perhaps only a brick stack or a heap of ruins which was once a cottage"—that's how Eye-Witness describes what the war has resolved itself into now.

* * *

And for each of these little successes such rivers of blood must run, such hundreds of precious lives be lost or spoiled, so many tears shed. . . . It makes one begin to realise how much it would cost for us to gain a really big one. And we shall need more than one before we begin to attain what we've set before us as the end of a war that, apart from all the awful loss of life, is costing us over £1,700,000 a day.

* * *

I hear the Fleet was very pleased to get its Royal visit last week like the Army. But it must have been a *very* flying one. I read in flowery language

"New plays and revues are positively pouring on—without even a particle of a pretence of seriousness or purpose about them"

"IN ENGLAND NOW!" (*concluded*)

of the King's "days with his Navy." But as he was receiving guests at Buckingham Palace on Friday and back there again, according to the *Court Circular*, early Sunday morning, it wasn't exactly one of those long week-ends, was it?

* * *

I expect, though, the shorter the better for Sir Charles Cust and Sir Colin Keppel and the others in charge, who must have been jolly glad when the trip was over. *Such* a responsibility—even though they did sweep the sea well before His Majesty went on it, and the destroyer he went out in was, of course, heavily guarded. For a long time, you know, the Ministers have tried to prevent his going, just as they did his visit to France, though naturally he was a good deal safer there behind the Army lines than he was at sea.

* * *

Royal journeys are not all lavender—not for those who run them, anyway. Apart from the responsibility there's generally a pretty heavy expense. The railway companies have to guard all their bridges specially when His Majesty uses their lines, and what with special trains, red carpets, flowers in the saloon, directors' expenses, etc., etc., even the loyallest railwayman can't shut his eyes to the fact that there's a loss on Royal railway journeys.

* * *

But even that most conservative of persons, the railway director, must be getting accustomed by now to adjusting himself to the necessities of the moment. The public, anyway, has, and takes any upset of the time-table almost without a murmur. One day it's Kitchener's Army going out in some of it's batches, another big manœuvres on somewhere, and since the Kaiser declared his old blockade that we've *tu quoque*'d so nicely it's always a toss-up whether you can cross the Channel or not. And the railway company seems to be treating Tommy well, too. He only pays half fares, you know, and they quite often put on specials for him when there looks like being a crowd.

* * *

The "Gor Blime" is the name for Tommy's new cap, by the way, and not a bad one either—it's really very ugly, a cross between the old motoring cap and the sort our forefathers used to wear for travelling with a band over the top that can be used for ear flaps. It's said, you know, that the stiff-wired plate-like top of the old Brodrick cap draws the enemy's fire. Anyway, the knuts among the officers on leave are now all wearing their service caps soft and guiltless of wire and pulled down tightly over their heads—just like we used to wear our hats before we tilted them over our noses.

* * *

Talking of uniforms, no doubt you'll be pleased to hear that the Women's Volunteer Reserve have evolved a really quite becoming one, and jolly smart they all look in something that looks like khaki, and quite becoming hats that aren't, thank Heaven, of the Boy-Scout-Wild-West-wideawake variety, and short skirts that give plenty of scope in the way of boots and gaiters and things.

* * *

"The 'Gor Blime'—Tommy's new cap"

The Hon. Mrs. Haverfield, who ran a remount camp for a whole year during the Boer War, is their commandant. She told a rather nice little story at their meeting the other day. She was motoring in the country with a Colonel friend, who was running some field operations by local Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, and they stopped a little party of Boy Scouts to ask how things were going. But the infant soldiers were too shy or taken aback to say a single thing.

* * *

A little further on they met some Girl Guides. *What* a difference! Every single one of them had views on the situation, and was bursting to air them. Some had made copious notes in small note-books, and one was so keen that to find the depth of a certain brook she'd jumped in and wetted herself to the waist. Which all proves once again what didn't want proving, doesn't it?—that woman can do most things as well as—sometimes better than—man.

* * *

As to women and war, I was amused to read in a letter from a nurse with the Forces last week that "It's the fat, calm, quiet woman who should be at the front." The little wiry, high-strung nurses find it too much for their nerves, all the firing and the noise and the dreadful sights. With the placid ones all that sort of thing passes over their heads just like water running off a duck's back. I've no doubt they're better for their patients, too. And anyway, it's time the fat ones had a look in somewhere, poor dears, isn't it?

With love,
Yours ever,
BLANCHE

Portraits of Social Interest

Photograph *Sarony*

MISS JOAN JOHNSTONE

Younger daughter of the Hon. Lewis and Mrs. Johnstone of Levington Hall, Ipswich, whose marriage with Mr. William R. Younger, eldest son of Sir William and Lady Younger, is to take place on April 6

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

MISS MARY MEYNELL

Only daughter of the late Hon. Frederick Meynell and of Lady Mary Meynell, who is to be married shortly to the Hon. Evelyn Boscawen, eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Falmouth

Photograph *Rita Martin*

LADY MERIEL BATHURST

Daughter of Earl Bathurst, who is engaged to be married to Lieut.-Commander Lord Alastair Graham, R.N., younger son of the Marquis of Graham

Photograph *Val L'Estrange*

LADY MARY HAMILTON

Daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, and one of this season's débutantes. She is the eldest of five children, having two brothers and two sisters

Gentlemen or Germans?

BY "DOWNWRITER"

THERE are too many people about in this country who want us to show our dislike of Germany by making ourselves as like the Germans as possible. To be frank, we are beginning to have apostles of "frightfulness" of our very own. That is one of the devilries of war: there must always be a tendency to conform to the lowest standard adopted by either belligerent. It is so easy to find excuses, all manner of excellent reasons why one should behave as badly as the other fellow. It even becomes unpopular to suggest the contrary, which is only, however, a very good reason for it to be done quickly.

—•••—

Lately there has been a great deal of grumbling about the amount of money spent on German officer-prisoners. Not only private protests, either, but public protests, with a real peeress writing to the *Morning Post* about it. Well, if anybody is content to stick to the technical point that too much money was spent, I will agree with him on principle, being convinced that all Government departments invariably spend more than they need, or, if you like to be strictly accurate, more than they ought to in proportion to what they get. But this, the technical point, is not the actual point, and I don't see why we should pretend that it is. What people really object to is what they consider to be the excessive consideration shown to German officers. The extra fraction of a fractured farthing on the income tax does not bother them in the least.

—•••—

Now I know, as everybody else does, that German officers have not always behaved as they should during this war. I do not forget the horrors in Belgium nor the bombardment of Scarborough. I may add, too, that I have known German officers and disliked most of them, even in times of peace. But all German officers are not devils, and it is more than possible that quite an appreciable minority, possibly even a majority, of the imprisoned officers are entirely innocent of any bad behaviour whatsoever. Nevertheless, we are being asked by our severe friends to punish every one of them, including the innocent, for the sins of the guilty. That seems to me, frankly, both stupid and wrong. Especially as it will do no earthly good to any living soul either in Scarborough or Belgium. Nor was I aware that the doctrine of indiscriminate revenge had ever been ranked among our ethical principles.

—•••—

A more specious case is made out by those who say that as our officers are badly treated in Germany, so we must treat their officers badly here. They argue, not entirely without truth, that the only way to make such a callous people behave decently is to threaten their own friends and relations with reprisals. Even supposing this argument to be wholly, instead of partly, valid (which it is not), it has one great objection, to wit, that nothing on earth seems to be able to make the Germans believe that their prisoners *are* well treated in England, so that in practice it loses half its force. There is really no advantage to our poor fellows in Crefeld or Magdeburg unless the Germans can be convinced that they have been mistaken. To make the reality correspond with their imagination would be more likely to do our officers harm than good in the long run.

—•••—

In any case, one may, without being a prig, object to reprisals on principle, and tolerate them as a last resort only with extreme reluctance. After all, the "eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth" doctrine only ends in both parties being disfigured for life. It is a game at which nobody scores and everybody loses. Moreover, though one hardly likes to mention it, we are supposed to be a Christian people, and, as such, definitely opposed to vendetta of any kind. And, even if we are not very Christian, we are very sportsmanlike, and I have yet to find the sportsman who takes any pleasure in hitting a man when he's down, even though the man be a bully of the first water.

—•••—

No, it really won't do. The line we should take, the line, thank Heaven, we have taken, must be that we have our own ideas as Englishmen about the way things should be done, and that, whatever anybody else does, we intend to behave like gentlemen. Personally, I would rather be beaten on this principle than win on any other. I cannot see the gain to England if she wins this war by turning into a Prussia. I hope to goodness if Ministers are heckled on the subject they will have the courage to take their stand on this firm ground, not on any miserable quicksand of expediency or the like.

—•••—

After all, there is nothing to be ashamed of in being known as the gentlemen of the war. Moreover, *somebody* has got to set the standard for Europe amid all this hideous welter of hate and folly and crime; and if we don't do it, I cannot see that anybody else is likely to. So that, perhaps, the hot water and the eighty servants of these German officers in England are a good deal more important than they seem. They are the only symbols of real civilisation left in Europe. It is all very fine for would-be cynics or mere brutes to prate about sentimentality, but sentimentality is only another name for the kind of sentiment one doesn't like—and some of us think this particular kind of sentiment is about the most valuable thing in the world. So that we're quite content to let them call it what names they please, provided they cannot kill it. You see, it is, to begin (and end) with, the whole difference between England and Prussia.

DOWNWRITER

The Threatened Slump in Husbands

Will it be considered correct to appear with all one's wives at once, or will one be seen with each in turn ?

Will it be permissible to lead two brides to the altar at once ? If so, an extra page, as hat bearer, will be a feature of the ceremony

There will assuredly be friction in many suburban homes owing to the existence of a divided authority. The Cook : "Unless I know from which of you ladies I'm to take me orders I go this day month"

A man of real intelligence will arrange his household thus:—Mrs. Beaufort-Brown—a charming hostess and the companion of his lighter moods—

—Mrs. Beaufort-Brown, secunda, his secretary and literary and intellectual affinity—

Mrs. Beaufort-Brown, tertia, professor of Domestic Science, and manager of his household.

MARRIAGE PROBLEMS THAT MAY ARISE AFTER THE WAR IS OVER

Much has been said and written lately as to the probable effect of the war upon matters matrimonial, and it has been suggested that the time may come when a man will be allowed, and even encouraged, to take unto himself more than one wife. Our artist has depicted in silhouette some situations that might arise if polygamy becomes permissible

BELLICOSITIES

[*"In the Woevre the day was calm."*—French Despatch, *March* 1.]

DEAR, dear! The Woevre! We had almost forgotten the good old Woevre! Interested to note that something has happened there at last, even if it was only a day being calm.

* * *

"At Récourt, near Albert," says the evening despatch of the same day, "a German attack was immediately stopped by our fire."

* * *

Now, then, Eye-Witness! Where are you? There's an easy column for you in this German attack stopped by "our fire." Not by water, air, gas, or any other element. By *fire*. Here, again, it is not to be inferred that our gallant Allies lit bonfires in the teeth of the enemy's advance. What is probably meant by "fire" is not literally fire at all, but the smoke—of rifles. It is hinted, in short, that the German attack at Récourt was foiled by gallant men armed with the weapons of that name, and the word "our" conveys that these men were Allied troops, and that the Germans were not stopped by their own mutinous levies. The candour of the *communiqué* will have been much appreciated. Had it merely said that the German attack had been "stopped," we should have lost three valuable words.

* * *

The Germans are, it seems, digging trenches within a mile of the Swiss frontier, in defiance of the Treaty of Vienna. The Germans are wondering how it is that they have overlooked this Treaty, and the fact that it has not been violated at an earlier stage of the war is regarded with grave displeasure in All-Highest circles.

* * *

The German wireless reports the appearance of the letter in the *Nation* which showed up the disgrace of the British Alliance with Russia and the falsity of the Belgian pretext for intervention. But it does not give the name of the writer of the letter—Herr Bernhardi Schaff.

* * *

"They are very quiet, though, the Belgians in London," says the *Daily Mail*. "They walk the streets . . . wrapped in many reflections and problems." Really, the hardihood of these heroic people seems illimitable.

BABY MINE: "Don't you think, old chap, this is rather a dangerous time for me to come back to town?"

THE FLAG LIEUTENANT: "Don't you worry, little chap, we'll see that no harm comes to you"

If Mr. George carries out his warning the sale of liquor will become so exclusive, respectable, and disinterested an occupation that we shall call it no longer "The Trade" but "The Profession."

* * *

It is not yet decided what retaliatory measures will be taken for the ill-treatment of our prisoners in Germany. As a hint pure and simple of sterner measures to come, we understand that the use of chalk is to be prohibited in the billiard-room at the Donnington Hall internment camp. The suggestion that the pianos be left untuned was rejected, as a musical expert on the Committee pointed out that the Germans would prefer them thus.

* * *

THE OPTI-PESSIMIST

The Press has given it hot to optimist and pessimist alike. In a single issue of the *Times* one finds a leading article dealing in scathing tones with the Dismal Jimmies at the Clubs, who are always full of suppressed news of disaster, and a letter from a correspondent denouncing the Press for its eternal talk of "Allies' Steady Progress," and statesmen for their confident boasts of certain victory.

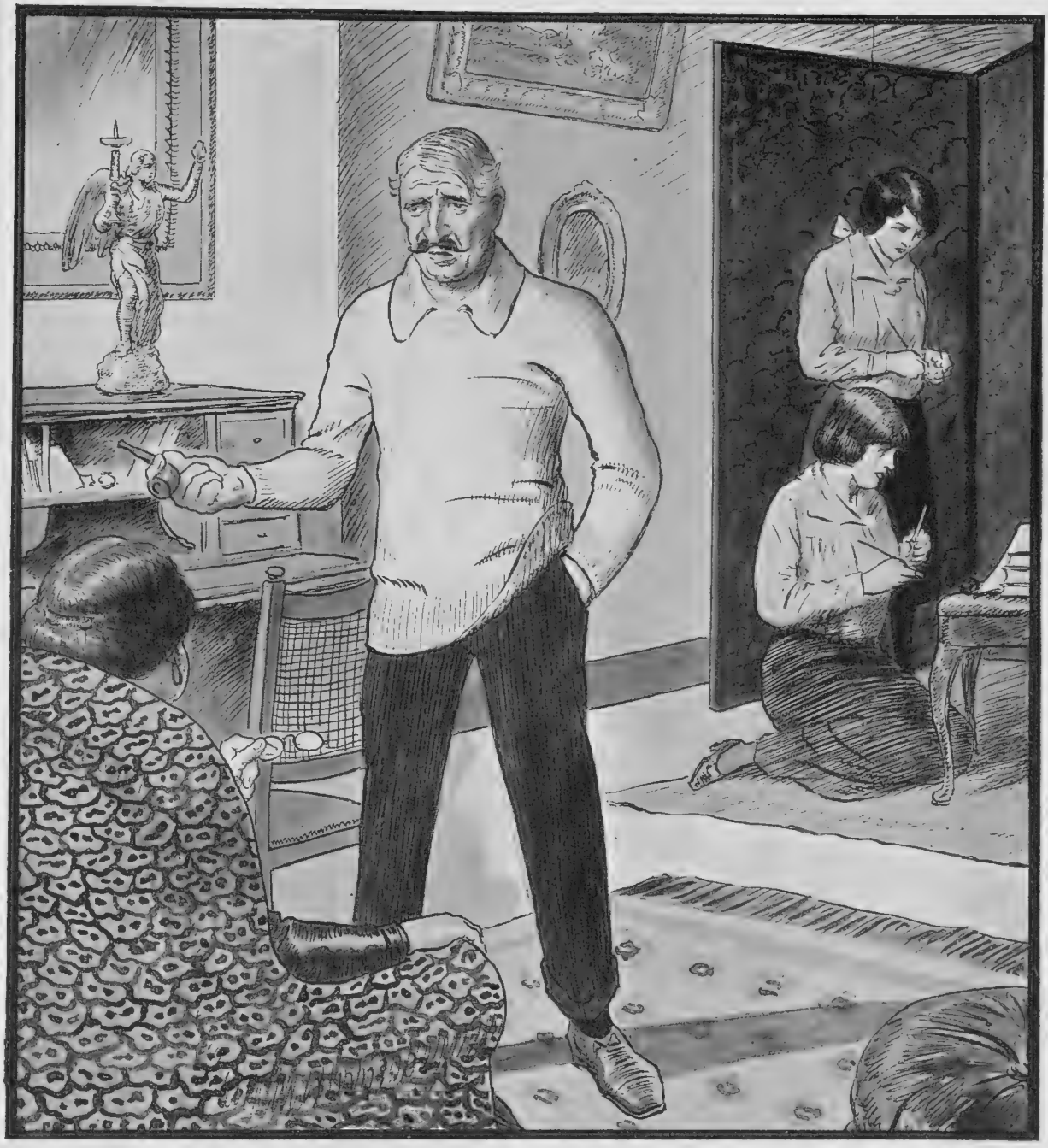
I agree both with the leader and the letter-writer. If the one type is intolerable, the other is insufferable. The only logical thing to be is an Opti-Pessimist. When anybody asks you—as sometimes somebody does—what you think of things, you look half happy, half sad. You smile with your lips, weep with your eyes.

"Ah, yes!" you say, in accents half of delight, half of despair. "In the West, we make slow but solid progress. A little set back here, perhaps, but decided advance there. In the spring, of course, we shall be strongly reinforced, and so, of course, will the Germans. We shall see, shan't we! Meanwhile, there is, of course, the Eastern Theatre. If the Germans did well in the north, they have done less well in the centre, while in the Carpathians"—(keep on like this for five minutes). "Of course, the passage of the Dardanelles, if accomplished, will be the prelude to developments of immense importance in the Balkans."

By the time you have got to the Balkans your interlocutor has fled, and informed the club that you are the biggest, the very biggest, bore in the place. Which, of course, is perfectly true. You are. But you are the only logical kind of war-bore, and, incidentally, you succeed in keeping cross-examiners at a longer distance than either of your rivals.

BELLICOSITIES (concluded)

Knitting Notes



"Have you seen anything of my scouting notes, dear? I left them in this drawer"
"Oh, is that what they were? The girls have been trying to knit them"

BY E. A. MORROW

EXPOSED AT LAST

German Discovery of the Real Cause of the War

The *Cologne Gazette* has got it at last. England started the war because "she hoped by means of the war, and of the general passion stirred up against the enemy, that she would be able to strike this enemy a real blow—by the foundation of the aniline dyes company. Much luck to it."

We thank you, oh! *Gazette*. We wanted to know why we are dying, and now we know it is in order that we may dye. Oh, that awful perfidious little Welsh Chancellor! See him watching his declining revenue, racking his mercenary brains where to turn for the next million. See him fearing to advocate protection right out lest the Tories rejoice. Then, suddenly, a bright idea. Said this notoriously bloodthirsty and bellicose man, this purblind militarist: "Why not a European War, so vast that Germany will not be able to export aniline dye? While Europe is bleeding to death we, the British, will collar her trade in this market." Out he slips to Serajevo (with Rufus and Elibank), shoots the Archduke, rushes back, declares war against Germany. It costs him a thousand million sterling, and one or two British battleships, and a hundred thousand lives. But never mind! He gets the dye trade. But let the *Gazette* wait. The Chancellor is only beginning. Dye to-day, it will be eau de Cologne to-morrow. We've never liked the *Cologne Gazette*, with its deadly eye for the truth. With the ruin of Cologne it will cease circulation, and England's malicious joy will be complete. V. C.

Spring Work in t

SEASONABLE NOTES ON THE CULTURE OF FLOWERS

Photograph *Sport and General*

"HARDENING THEM OFF BEFORE TRANSPLANTING"

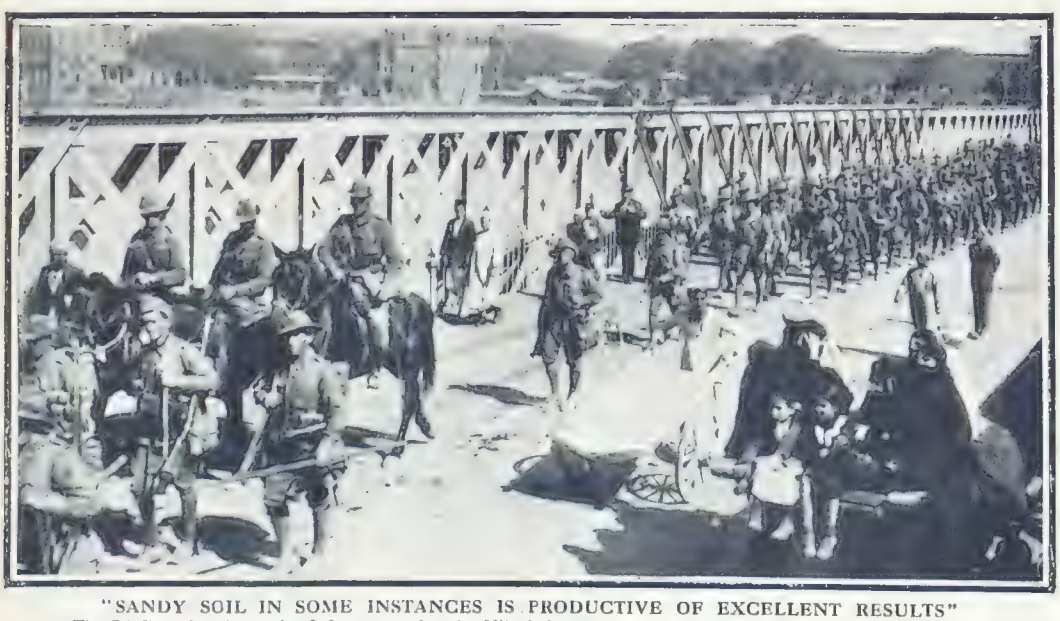
The 1st City of London Brigade Ammunition Column R.F.A. in training at Hampstead

"THE GROUND SHOULD BE WELL DUG AND THOROUGHLY TRENCHED"

The one-time peaceful village street of Libons entrenched against the Germans

"SUITABLE PROTECTION SHOULD BE PROVIDED AGAINST TOO MUCH SUN"

The 6th County of London Route Marching through the London streets. They have been provided with sun helmets



"SANDY SOIL IN SOME INSTANCES IS PRODUCTIVE OF EXCELLENT RESULTS"

The 7th Battalion Australian Infantry crossing the Nile Bridge on their return from the fight on the Canal front

USUALLY, about this
BYSTANDER publi
Supplement, giving
culture of spring and earl
year, however, we devote
spring—armies. As in all g
work has been going on all t
ground has been thoroughl
results have already been
transplanted " somewhere i
Head Gardener has seen to
young plants has been " br
successive blooming in the
his Continental grounds, wit
climates, of course, are
" forcing " of certain " pla
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ranean, where certain forc
resulted in a profusion o
English and French roses ar
than ever this year, but a f
of Austrian Briars is strongl
to have a place at all in the
mended to prune them ha
Russian method.

Another species which ha
belonging to the " profuse
German Iris. Its popular
this spring, and it is likely t

the—(War) Garden

S OF THE ARMY FOR CONTINENTAL TRANSPLANTING

"HARDY CLIMBERS SHOULD BE SUPPORTED BY GOOD WOODEN STAKES"
British Scouts taking up their positions on the edge of a wood

"EXCELLENT VARIETIES ARE AVAILABLE IN PLANNING A ROCK GARDEN"
The 15th Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers learning to take cover on rocky ground near Llandudno

"CERTAIN HALF HARDY SPECIES DO BETTER IN EXPOSED POSITIONS IF PROTECTED BY BRACKEN"
German snipers hidden in the undergrowth in the Forest of the Argonne

"GOOD SPECIMENS SHOULD BE CAREFULLY SELECTED FOR TRANSPLANTING"
Australian troops at Sydney embarking for the War area

this time of the year, THE ublishes a Spring Garden ving seasonable hints on the early summer flowers. This ote space to the culture of ll good gardens, much spade- ll through the winter, and the ghly trenched. Early spring en obtained, shipped off, and e in France." The Military to it, too, that his stock of brought on" in batches for the most effective places in without undue forcing. Some e more adaptable for the plants," and in this respect astern Coasts of the Mediter- orcing methods have already of immense 15-inch booms. are likely to be more popular a falling-off in the cultivation ngly indicated, and if they are he general scheme it is recom- hard back on the approved

has of late been regarded as use bloomers" class is the arity shows signs of flagging y to be bluer than ever.

The Morris School of Dancing

AN INTERVIEW WITH ITS FOUNDER

BY SELWYN BRINTON

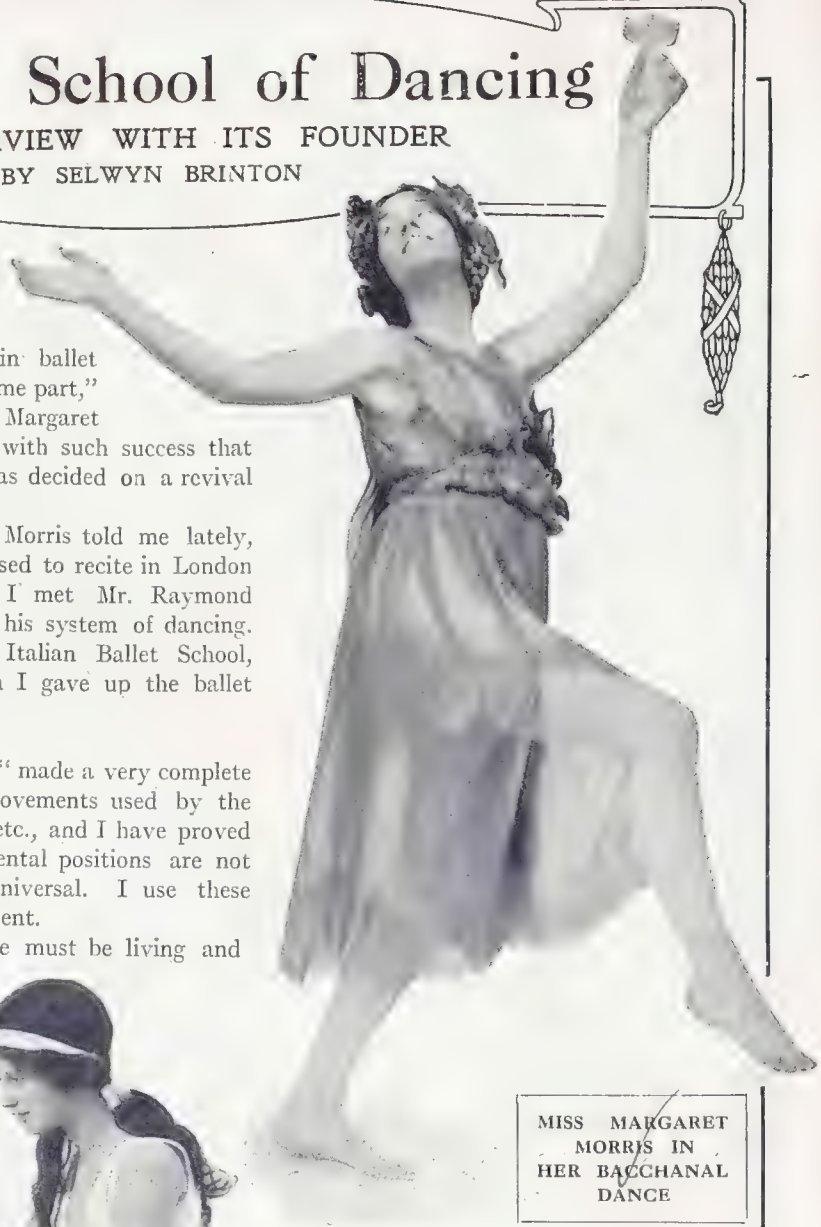
THE production at the Margaret Morris Theatre, in King's Road, Chelsea, of Grimm's delightful story, *Snow White*, told in ballet form, with little Iris Rowe in the "name part," Kathleen Dillon as the Prince, and Margaret Morris herself as the wicked Queen, met with such success that I understand from Miss Morris that she has decided on a revival of the ballet with new features at Easter.

"I have been before the public," Miss Morris told me lately, "since I was three-and-a-half, when I used to recite in London drawing-rooms. When I was seventeen I met Mr. Raymond Duncan, and became much interested in his system of dancing. I had previously worked hard at the Italian Ballet School, but after a course of training with him I gave up the ballet dancing altogether.

"Mr. Duncan," continued Miss Morris, "made a very complete study of dance gestures and movements used by the Greeks as depicted on bas-reliefs, vases, etc., and I have proved in my own dancing that these fundamental positions are not conventional, but quite natural and universal. I use these positions as the groundwork of all movement.

"I consider that an art to be creative must be living and progressive, and not merely an imitation of the past. My technique — and it is invaluable — I owe to Raymond Duncan, but what I build upon it is my own, and is a gradual development and outcome of our own twentieth century life, and not a mere revival of old Greek or old English."

MISS KATHLEEN DILLON AS "THE PRINCE" AND MISS IRIS ROWE AS "SNOW WHITE" IN THE BALLET OF THAT NAME



MISS MARGARET MORRIS IN HER BACCHANAL DANCE

Her first important piece of work after her training with Raymond Duncan was the training of the dancers for Mme. Marie Brema's production of *Orpheus* some four years ago, a difficult undertaking for a comparatively young beginner; but it proved a great success, and led to further work from Sir Herbert Tree, for whom she arranged the dances in *Henry VIII.*, Mr. Herbert Trench, and Mr. John Galsworthy. It was, as I understand, at this dramatist's suggestion that Miss Morris started her own troupe of dancing children.

Now Miss Morris has her own "baby theatre"—as she named it very appropriately to me—in Chelsea, and the character of her art, as shown there, is so unique, the melody of movement (for such it really is) of these barefoot children so fresh, so lovely and spontaneous, that we can hope it will keep a permanent place in our London life, and open up an art which is surely capable of exquisite progression.

"Somewhere in Flanders"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM AN OFFICER AT THE FRONT—I.

DEAR BYSTANDER—

THIS evening I find that my mind is running on spies and their surreptitious ways. For nearly the whole of the day I have been engaged on investigation work of an arduous order. I do sincerely hope that nowadays in England disciples of espionage are meeting with their proper deserts, and are not merely bound over to keep the peace or something equally absurd. On this side of the streak the offence is invariably met at the shortest notice by speedy perforation of the body with bits of hot lead discharged at short range, with a brick wall forming a picturesque background in the steely-grey light of dawn. No time is wasted.

* * *

But, really, the audacity of these spies is beyond belief, and only yesterday a Sister of Mercy was forcibly disrobed by experts, who pronounced "her" to be none other than a Teuton corn-merchant, drawing—as he subsequently confessed—£4 10*s.* per week, with special allowances for the assimilation of information that might prove of value to his country.

* * *

The mistake the Germans made in this instance was the selection for the job of a man of amorous propensities and chivalrous instincts, for their corn-merchant was doomed by Fate to go through life an ardent admirer of the softer sex, a misfortune that subsequently led to his downfall. His habitual gallantry aroused cold suspicion in the breasts of the military police. And when a "Sister of Mercy" was one day discovered with "her" right arm encircling the waist of the young lady in the *pâtisserie* shop at the corner of the Place, only three quarters of an hour elapsed before "she" was gently led out of the town on a personally conducted tour and shot several times in the same place. Germany to-day is one corn-merchant short.

* * *

Talking of espionage, I don't think I ever told you of my important capture in the little town in which I am billeted. A friend and myself were drinking *café au lait* a few days ago in a small *estaminet* near the church. At several tables were seated various French and British soldiers smoking and chatting among themselves. My friend and myself, who had spent the whole day on the road in a car, were in that comfortable, dreamy frame of mind when one can concentrate one's whole attention for hours at a time on a coffee stain on the table or a last year's calendar on the other side of the room, and some time elapsed before my attention was drawn to the behaviour of a stout, highly coloured man in civilian dress with small black eyes and bushy whiskers who sat before an empty cognac glass three tables away on our right-hand side. Though apparently absorbed in a newspaper, his ears were obviously cocked, and he appeared to be doing his utmost to catch the words that fell from the mouths of the French and British soldiers, who were seated at a small table in the corner. I don't think either my friend or myself are naturally of a suspicious nature, but after noting that the gentleman with the bushy side whiskers kept his forefinger for a quarter of an hour by the clock on a column of the newspaper which he professed to be reading without moving it even the fraction of an inch, we decided that we were entitled to entertain grave suspicions of his *bona fides*. Moreover, he looked as though he wore a wig. So we cast off our coma and began eagerly to discuss affairs of State.

* * *

My friend wondered what time the new troops would be arriving on the morrow, and I retaliated with a wonderful story told me the other day in strict confidence by a man who was formerly Kitchener's second footman and is now a corporal in an infantry regiment. The man with bushy whiskers made no sign, but all the same we thought we detected his right ear advancing another half-inch forward.

* * *

The time had now come for action, so, leaving my friend to exercise a strict surveillance, I lounged out of the room in a casual way and hurried to the Espionage Office round the corner.

* * *

Here I was presented to an experienced military sleuth-hound, and after quickly stating my case, we hastened together to the *estaminet* I had just left. Advancing rapidly across the room, my military sleuth-hound laid his arm in a caressing attitude upon the shoulder of the man with the bushy side whiskers and softly extended him a cordial invitation to accompany him round the corner.

* * *

No sooner had my detective laid his hand on the man's shoulder than the light of recognition shone in his eyes, and in a broken voice he turned to me and said: "You've made a hawful mistake, I am afraid, Sir. This gentleman is Monsoor N——, the Chief of the Civil Police, and working in collaboration with the British Harmy in the field!"

* * *

Five minutes later, when the Chief of Civil Police had sufficiently recovered from his indignation to speak coherently, he informed us that at the moment of our blundering in upon him in that idiotic and uncalled-for fashion he was in the act of obtaining the most valuable information from the conversation of two suspects fitted out in the uniform of French corporals. "Some" Sherlock!

* * *

There is no "*Bon jour, Monsieur—Comment ça va, donc?*" for me nowadays when chance throws me in the path of Monsoor N——, Chief of the Civil Police!

* * *

Last Thursday I spent a most interesting and profitable day with the commander of a gunboat on a small canal which must remain nameless. I wish

(Continued on page 338)

"SOMEWHERE IN FLANDERS" (*concluded*)

I were able to tell you something about the boat and its gun, but for obvious reasons this is quite out of the question. As we were enjoying our luncheon of slices of ham on ration biscuits, orders reached our commander to open fire on a small town lying several miles to the west. After loosing off some sixty rounds the flash of our gun was detected by a German aeroplane flying at over 5,000ft., and the information was promptly wirelessed home. Within four minutes of the machine passing overhead shells came wailing over in groups of three, the first time I have experienced a covey of "Whistling Willies," and though certainly a fascinating and highly interesting experience, one somehow feels that if continued for too long a time it is in danger of becoming positively distasteful.

* * *

"Damn that —— Taube!" remarked our Commander, as the shooting got a bit hot, "we shall have to keep quiet now and pretend to be put out of action." And he then settled down on a crate of sugar to read the *Spectator*.

* * *

The Germans now began to rake down the canal, and for the next hour and a half small coveys of shells were intermittently bursting at intervals of roughly 40 yards up and down the canal over a distance of about a quarter of a mile, but luckily for us the gunboat—which was obliged to adopt the "wait and see" policy—happened to be in the right spot every time!

* * *

It proved to be a shocking waste of ammunition, and I noticed that quite a number of the *obus* failed to explode. But I was not sorry when the firing ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

* * *

OVERHEARD IN THE VILLAGE STREET ON SATURDAY

[*Scene:* Fierce-looking Major is inquiring the way of a Tommy who is lolling against a wall with a Woodbine in his mouth.]

MAJOR: "Don't you know, my man, that you should stand smartly to attention when speaking to an officer?"

THOMAS (*amazed*): "Well, I didn't want to speak to you, young feller!"

Yours ever,
JACK JOHNSON

Ready for Either "Call"

When engaging the young men of military age now appearing at the Lyric Theatre in "Florodora," Mr. Bannister Howard insisted that every one should be ready and willing, when called upon, to go to the front; and, as a matter of fact, they are all in the Artists Corps, and in training

The Absent-Minded Beggar

AN EVERYDAY INCIDENT OF VOLUNTEER TRAINING

The Very Gentle Art of Burlesque

"STAGE-STRUCK" AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE

BY "JINGLE"

THE programme at the Empire Theatre was full of good things, but chiefly what we went out to see was the new burlesque, entitled "Stage Struck," in which Mr. Fred Farren and Miss Ida Crispi did some excellent work. The idea of the burlesque was that a theatrical company had gone on strike, and, consequently, the manager was compelled to fall back on the very raw material supplied by amateur talent in order to produce a wonderful play mostly concerned with the gods and goddesses of high Olympus. Sometimes I think the gifted author of the burlesque missed his chances a little; and at other times I wonder whether he has heard anything, as you might say. Considering what an enormous scope there was for rich and gorgeous fun in the scheme enunciated, it did not seem to me that the most had been made of an exceptional opportunity.

There is the ballet, for instance. As everyone knows, the Empire ballet, both in respect of quantity and quality, has a wide and enviable reputation. In this burlesque the ballet was limited to only four *coryphées*. It is true that these ladies got a good deal of fun out of their business by mimicking the ways of amateur ballet girls, but I wondered all the time why the author did not give them a better chance. He might have bragged about his *corps-de-ballet*, and set the four ladies the task of constantly attempting feats that only a full-sized *corps-de-ballet* could have successfully wrestled with. An adroit stage-manager with the gift of humour could have made these four ladies the purveyors of some of the liveliest fun of the evening. A quite unnecessary scene was given up to a strike demonstration by the scene-shifters, whose leader took his part a little too seriously. In a melodrama he would have roused the house to enthusiasm; but his excellent acting made his performance far too realistic for burlesque. Here, again, the author hardly did himself justice. Having thought of the idea that these men had gone on strike because their names were not mentioned on the bills, he should have thought a little more, and retained their services by conceding the point in dispute. A playbill with the names of the leading actors printed in small type, and those of the scene-shifters and limelight artists prominently displayed, would have supplied a very good starting-point for some lively fun.

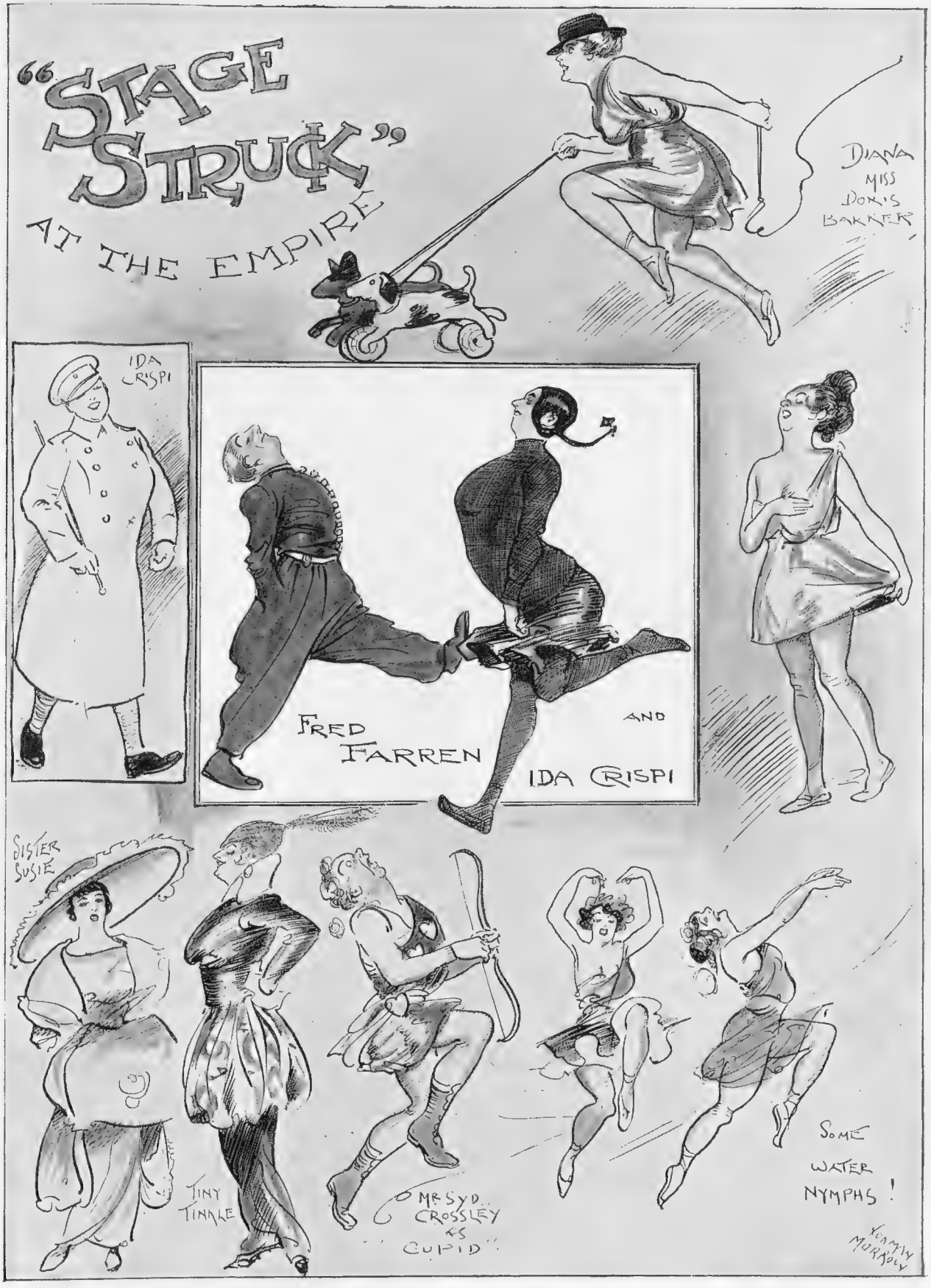
A promising turn was the duet sung by Mr. Crossley and Mr. Farren, "Big Willie and Little

Willie," whose particular identity need not be further insisted on in these stirring times. The tune was light and "catchy," but I waited in vain for a modest gibe at some of the characteristics of these two misguided gentlemen as they are known to the public through the medium of the daily press *via* Rotterdam or Copenhagen. Instead, the writer of the verses, as though awe-stricken by the majesty of his subject, restricted his comments to the very correct platitudes of a leading article in the *Times*. Also, in the course of an allusion to Servia, the author made Mr. Farren say, "Servia right!" He does not seem to have heard of the Truce of God made at the outbreak of hostilities, by which every budding humorist tacitly agreed not to disinter this jest of our grandmothers from its peaceful tomb.

The bulk of the work in this burlesque fell upon Mr. Fred Farren and Miss Ida Crispi, the latter of whom gave practically a complete entertainment all by herself. At one moment she was a stage-struck servant girl, with very green underwear. (I apologise for mentioning such a thing, but it was the outstanding feature of the "turn." You could almost see it with your eyes shut.) Afterwards, Miss Crispi appeared as a jolly soldier-boy, and then as a sentimental songster, who dreams that she is in the arms of a nice young man and wakes up to find that her dream has come true. (It will be no use for ladies to write to me for the recipe for this kind of dream, because I haven't got it. And besides, if I had it, I should keep it for myself.) Miss Crispi was, among other things, the Venus of the play burlesqued, but she was not well-advised to wear a coarse red wig and to paint her nose crimson in the hope of increasing the riotous fun of the impersonation. After all, burlesque as an artistic entertainment is still several social tiers above the Punch-and-Judy Show, and should be reverenced accordingly. The most striking turn was reserved for the end of the piece, when at the conclusion of a clever dance Miss Crispi and Mr. Farren rolled together down a grassy sward and disappeared with a splash in a tank of water waiting to receive them at the bottom. It was a climax that had, at least, the air of novelty. With some "pulling together," and a little more unrestrained optimism (not to say hilarity) on the part of the author and producer, *Stage-Struck* should be a sufficient attraction for Empire patrons until the advent of the new Revue which is in preparation.

JINGLE

Mortals and Immortals at the Empire



The new Burlesque "Stage Struck" at the Empire Theatre provides Mr. Fred Farren and Miss Ida Crispi with a wide and varied scope for their nimble versatility. The décolletée lady on the right of the middle picture represents Venus. We think it only fair to mention this. The fact might otherwise have escaped attention

The New France and Some Novels

BY RALPH STRAUS

The New France

In her usual blundering fashion Germany chose to look upon her Western neighbour as more or less played-out. There was nothing too bad to say about poor old France, with her everlasting political squabbles and her very low birthrate. You had only to march upon Paris to take it. Yet in point of actual fact, it seems clear enough that a new France has come to birth. A few weeks ago there appeared a striking book by a Frenchman, called *France Herself Again*, wherein there was a good exposition of the changes that have been taking place in the last few years. Now, supplementing this volume, is published Mr. Charles Dawbarn's *Makers of New France* (Mills and Boon: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), in which you have a series of biographical vignettes of extreme interest.

From Poincaré to Paquin

What Mr. Dawbarn does not know of official France of to-day can hardly be worth knowing, and these concisely written chapters of his cover an immensity of ground. Poincaré, Joffre, and Delcassé naturally lead the way. Anatole France, Brieux, and the ever-surprising Bergson fitly represent Letters, and it is rather piquant to find Madame Paquin sandwiched in between Bleriot and Guitry, the actor. But why not? Madame Paquin wears the Legion of Honour, and, even in war-time, it is impossible to think of any other nation leading the world in the important matter of dress. Indeed, in this book Mr. Dawbarn seems to have omitted nobody—unless it be Carpentier, and in an Introduction the youthful boxer is by no means forgotten. The book appears at just the right moment, and will bear several readings. But how many books will it take to make the average Englishman even fairly familiar with the life and letters of France? Perhaps Mr. Dawbarn will oblige once again.

Photograph *Savony*

MISS MARGARET PETERSON

Author of "The Lure of the Little Drum," "Tony Bellew," etc., whose new book entitled "Just Because," is to be published this week by Messrs. A. Melrose, Ltd.

A Few Novels

The publishers of novels complain of restricted sales, yet the war books are waning. Surely a good light novel should meet with a successful career just now, and quite a number of them may be obtained from the libraries. Take, for instance, *Forlorn Adventurers* (Methuen: 6*s.*), by Agnes and Egerton Castle. Here in the sad story of the Master of Stronavon's two marriages are to be found all the ingredients that go to the making of a popular success. The story itself may not be strikingly original, but it is pleasantly and skilfully told. The Master of Stronavon is one of those strong silent men who can love with quite alarming passion, but that is nothing against him; and if his wife chooses to allow herself to be divorced because her husband was guilty of a momentary lapse, why should she not do so—in a novel? In real life Morna would have found it more expedient to show certain letters to her husband, but had she done so Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle would have been unable to write their book. As it is, here is a most readable story, with some very good characterisation—Lady Martindale is splendid—and a concluding scene of very real pathos.

The Fabulous American

Or there is Miss Crosby-Heath's *Enter an American* (Methuen: 6*s.*), a quaint fairy tale of a boarding-house in London, upon which a good American suddenly descends in true Father Christmassy fashion. The paying guests in Miss Pewsey's select establishment certainly have a good time during Mr. Wallace's sojourn in their midst. There are two marriages, long-lost sons are restored to their mothers, the poor are made rich, and throughout it all Miss Crosby-Heath is so vastly amusing that the last page is turned long before you are ready to part company with her American friend.

A Sinner of Sorts

Then there is S. Beach Chester's novel, *The Ideal Sinner* (Jenkins: 6*s.*). The title is surely alluring enough. Jack Scarlett's adventures are somewhat peculiar, and his relations with the ladies may be open to blame, but, then, he is publicly branded by his inventor as a sinner. His entry into Parliament as a Conservative is largely due to the money provided by one of his lady friends, but in a while another lady is claiming his attentions. For her sake he desires success, and for this purpose blackguards himself under the convenient *alias* of a stump-orator of the usual kind. The sort of duel which follows is amusing enough, but lacks the subtleties which Mr. Chesterton, for instance, would have devised. The first lady discovers his secret and makes trouble, but there is a kind-hearted peer who comes to his rescue, and Scarlett, after retiring from public life, is free to leave sinning to others.

R. S.

A New Note in Tailor-mades

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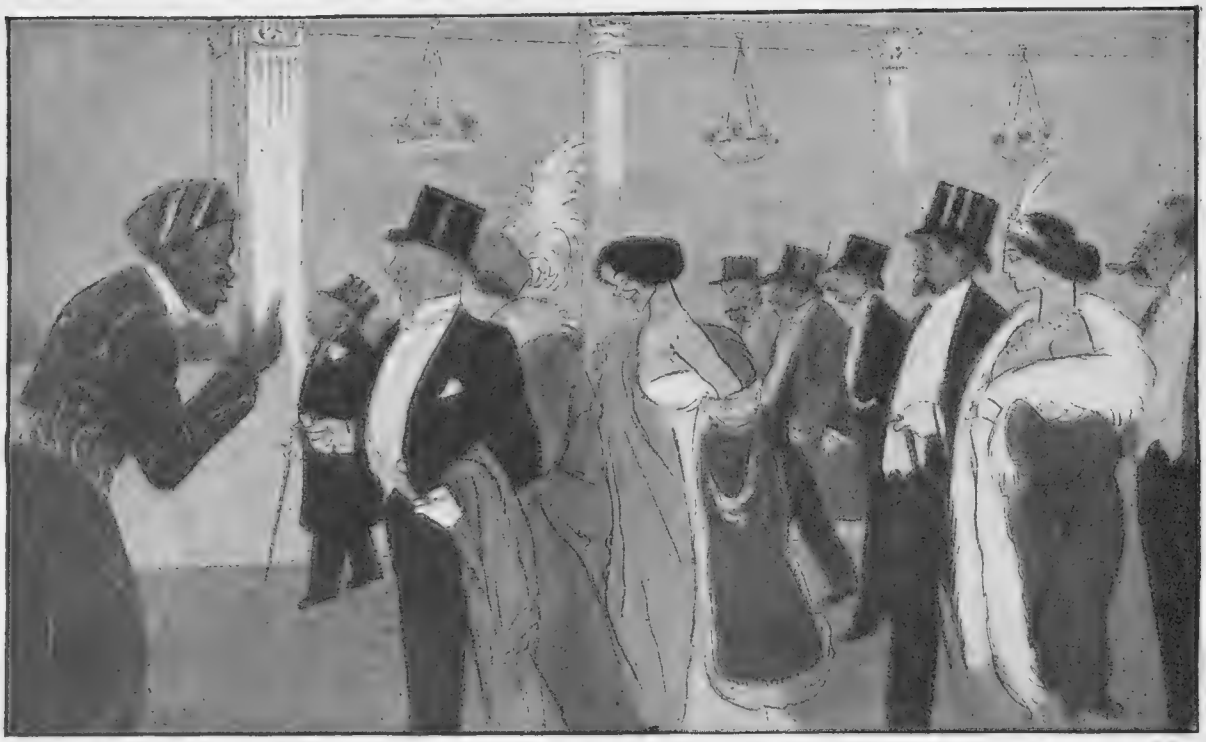
The Coming of Ciro's to London



CUSTOMERS ARRIVING AT CIRO'S IN PARIS

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWING BY "SEM"

AT last Ciro's, the famous Monte Carlo Restaurant, is coming to London—in the form of a Club. Established over thirty years ago, Ciro's has had one continuous run of success, and is talked of in every corner of the globe. A favourite rendezvous of the late King Edward, it can boast of having on more than one occasion seated in its *salle* at one meal—and without counting public banquets—fifteen crowned heads and Princes of Royal blood. Three years ago Ciro's was taken over by an English syndicate, at the head of which is Earl Poulett, and when the branch establishment was opened in Paris it immediately became as famous a rendezvous as its parent at Monte Carlo, while a similar success attended the opening of the Deauville establishment in 1913.

Early last year those interested in Ciro's decided that its frequenters should have the benefit in London of the exquisite cuisine which they are used to in Monte Carlo, Paris, and Deauville, and to open a Club. The building was nearly completed at the end of July, but the war breaking out prevented the arrival of a great many of the goods essential for the opening from France and elsewhere; for with a view to establishing a purely French restaurant in London, nearly everything has been ordered from Paris. The kitchens are being fitted by Cubain; the silver is being supplied by Christofle, the linen and furniture by the Louvre, the porcelain comes from Haviland, and the glass from Baccarat. Unfortunately, the bronze *chapiteaux* of the marble columns, which had been ordered from Liège, for obvious reasons will not be in place on the opening day—though no doubt they are being "delivered" by the Germans in another form.

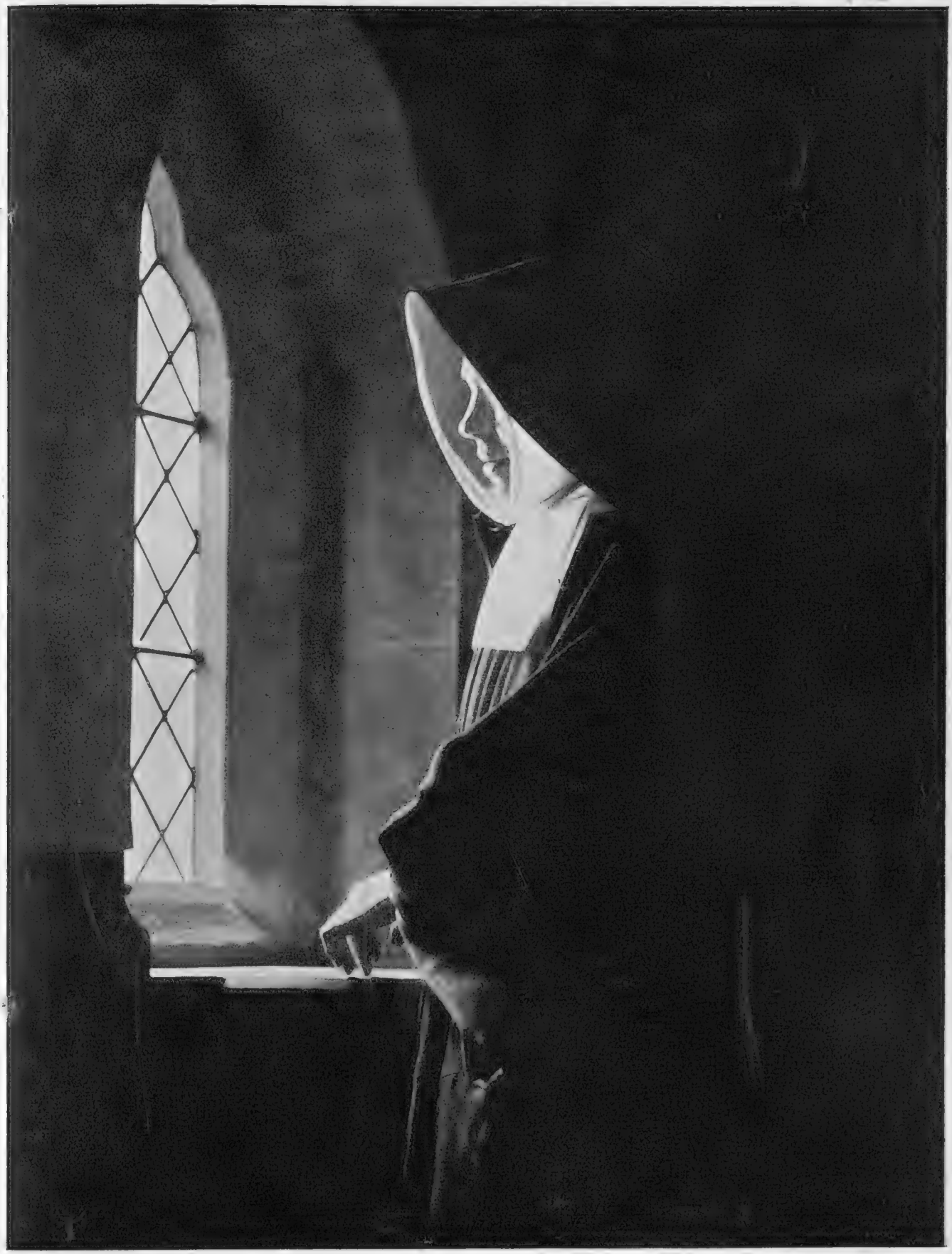
Not only is the equipment of the restaurant coming from Paris, but the staff also, and M. Gervais, the famous *chef*, will arrive with the whole of his brigade for the opening. The only newcomer will be Luigi (late of Romano's), who will be in charge of the restaurant, where a great feature of Lunch and Dinner will be served at the usual West End prices—not at those in vogue at Monte Carlo—and the closing of the Monte Carlo season at the end of March will release part of the staff and enable the opening in London to take place without interfering with the establishment in Paris. At supper a coon orchestra, each member an artiste in himself, numbering seven in all, will perform, and at midnight the centre of the floor will be cleared to enable the members to dance, a patent spring dancing floor having been fitted.

As regards the building itself, the entrance hall, with plain stone-finished walls and marble floor, leads into the Dining Room, decorated in Louis XV style, with gallery running round it, supported by marble columns. It will seat about four hundred people, and in style reminds one somewhat of the *salle* at Negresco's, at Nice. For those who do not happen to be in evening dress a charming grill-room downstairs is provided, fitted up in the Normandy style, a copy of Ciro's, of Deauville. No expense of any kind has been spared, and the establishment from floor to roof is the very last word in an *établissement de luxe*.

The Club premises are situated in Orange Street, Leicester Square, and therefore its position makes it get-at-able for everyone, as it is within a stone's throw of the principal hotels and theatres in the West End.

Mr. Horace Howard is Secretary of the Club

Sanctuary!



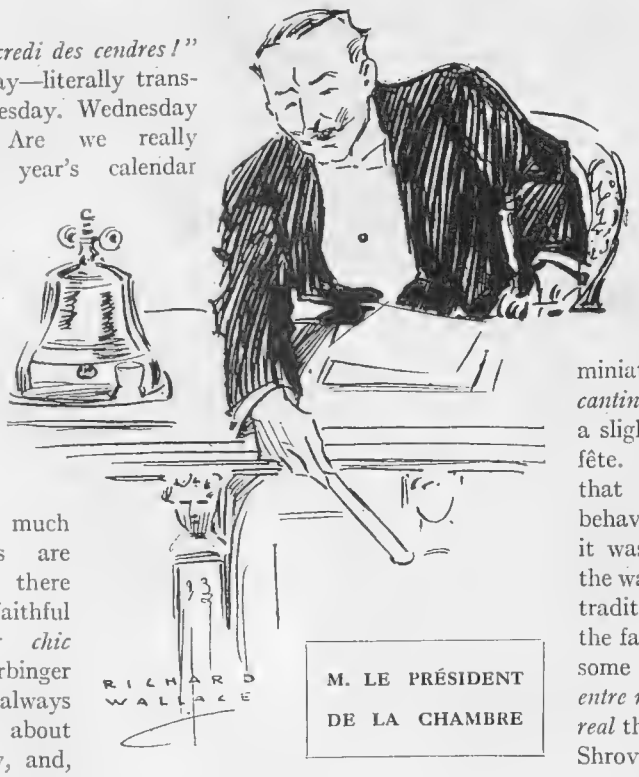
A NUN FROM MALINES IN WHITBY ABBEY

Where a party of Belgian refugees is now quartered. One can picture her thinking, as she gazes through the sunlit casement, of the horrors from which she has escaped and contrasting them with the peacefulness of the haven in which she has found sanctuary

Le Carême in War-Time

BY A CORRESPONDENT IN PARIS

"*MARDI gras! Mercredi des cendres!*" as the French say—literally translated, "Fat Tuesday. Wednesday of the Cinders." Are we really round again in the year's calendar to these days which mark the beginning of Lent known in French as the *Carême?* We rub our eyes, and realise that it is indeed so—that we are in Paris and that spring is with us. Above all, in the afternoons particularly, this is noticeable. The daylight is much longer, the boulevards are crowded, and here and there already the Parisienne, faithful to tradition, dons her *chic* little new straw hat—harbinger of spring. These ladies always make their appearance about the fifteenth of February, and, despite the war, we have not been disappointed. There is something eminently exhilarating, after the long winter days, to meet a delicious little Parisienne daintily gowned, with the spring touch to crown her head. Somehow, one finds oneself smiling—the mere sight of this hat makes one almost happy. And, then, Paris herself becomes beautiful at this time of the year—the lights on the Seine appeal to all that is artistic in human nature—one realises once again what a wonderful country France is! But *mardi gras* this year was a very different affair from that of 1914! Well do I remember the crowded boulevards of last year.



M. LE PRÉSIDENT DE LA CHAMBRE

Last Year—

Against my will I was persuaded to walk from the Madeleine to the Opera in the late afternoon of Shrove Tuesday. My friends kept their sense of humour—mine deserted me after having received three bags of confetti successfully aimed, which blinded me and left me speechless and irate! At the Café de la Paix I remember we stopped for tea—we actually were foolish enough to take a table outside the café, from which we fled ignominiously after our cups had also been filled with confetti. A distinctly disagreeable experience, though to the majority of Parisians a tradition.

A SOCIALIST MEMBER

—And This

This year one hardly realised that it was *mardi gras*. I say hardly, for the stray children who promenaded the boulevards dressed up as miniature French soldiers or *cantinières* helped to recall, in a slight degree only, last year's fête. The little family groups that I met were all very well-behaved and sober of aspect, and it was almost touching to see the way in which they clung to tradition. Apart from this, and the fact that I insisted on eating some *crêpes* (pancakes) which, *entre nous*, were nothing like the *real* thing, the impression I got of Shrove Tuesday was a vague one.

Paris, the Ever Changing

Returning from London, however, a few days previously, having been absent from Paris a couple of weeks, I have once again been forcibly struck with the falsity of the adage "There is nothing new under the sun!" Paris is, on the contrary, ever changing, ever new, and therein lies her infinite charm. In a thousand little ways the city had changed in the short space of two weeks. For instance, the restaurants in many cases had been brightened in the evenings by a band. Of course, we were all sent home like good little children at ten to bed. Still, there had been music, and it greatly appealed to the British side of the community. We British like our meals to music, far more so than the French. I naturally expected to find the music as I had left it. But *pas du tout!* I took some French friends along to one of the smartest cafés the evening following my return. It was their first visit to Paris since the war, and I held the music up to them as a special treat. But silence met us! And the various reasons given for this change are worth noting. I questioned the lady of the cloak-

(Continued on page 348)

NAPIER

THE DAY

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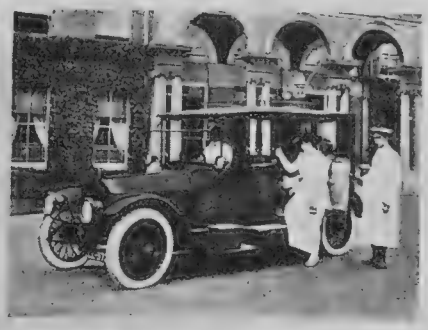

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MOTORS

LE CARÊME IN WAR-TIME (concluded)

room, who sighed, and said, "Alas! there is so much mourning, and, besides, a big *coup* is being prepared by Joffre!" The waiter had quite a different version. He winked slyly, and said, shrugging his shoulders, "There was some scandal." I then inquired of a British officer-*habitué* of the place. He said it was because the Governor of Paris had limited the English tunes to be played to "Narcissus," "The Rosary," and "Tipperary," and this did not satisfy the British clients! But I think the real reason was jealousy on the part of a neighbouring well-known café, which saw its *clientèle* disappearing under the superior attractions of C . . .'s, and, accordingly, skilfully managed to get the embargo put on the music. So now we dine soberly, and the restaurant which offers the best food at the cheapest prices wins!

M. BRIAND

LE VÉNÉRABLE RIBOT

The Chambre in War-Time

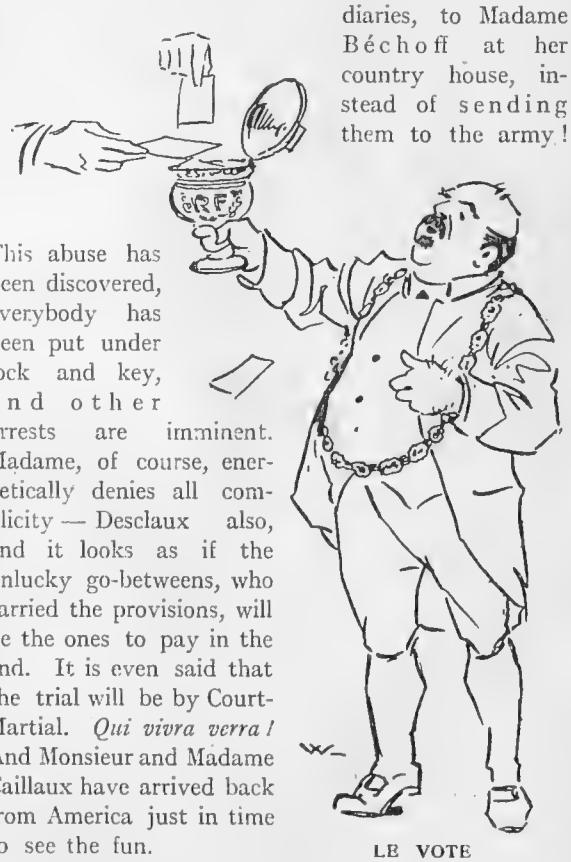
There are many other changes—especially in what concerns British interests here, of which I will tell you later, for I want to give you an impression while it is still *vive* of the Chambre as I saw it this afternoon. I was involuntarily carried back five years in thought—to this very epoch of the year when Paris was flooded—when every day the river rose higher and higher—when the Place des Invalides was one vast lake, and the unhappy inhabitants had their homes and furniture ruined. I remember well the Chambre and its *séance* that year! The complete *insouciance* of the French—the happy-go-lucky way with which they faced a distinct calamity—saying to themselves that everything would come right somehow. I remember Monsieur Brisson—very old—the President of the Chambre, trying in vain to speak above the tumult of the crowd.

And this afternoon the contrast! An alert President in the person of Deschanel—smart, diplomatic, severe, impatiently ringing his bell and tap-tapping his ruler to keep the Deputies in order. Briand looking more like Charles Dickens than ever, and splendid old man Ribot, who, in such a masterly way, handles the finances of this country.

A memorable speech, too, was made in an unexpected way by Viviani—so different from what we have been accustomed to in the French Chambre—a speech quiet, short, and to the point. I could not help wishing that, unseen, a few English had been listening. They could not but have been infinitely touched by Viviani's words—his tribute to the *nobles Alliés*, faithful to their promise, the unwavering determination of the French nation to take back Alsace Lorraine, which a heart had always remained French, and, above all, to continue to the very end, *jusqu'au bout!* The whole Chamber rose as one man to applaud their President of the Council. One felt that here indeed was a France absolutely united in thought and in action. Here and there, draped in black with the colours of the Republic thrown across the *crêpe*, were vacant seats which told of deputies already killed on the field of battle, and in the galleries were wounded officers and soldiers listening eagerly to the words pronounced by the leaders of the country. Let those who are inclined to criticise refrain! France is resolute and ready!

A Cause Célèbre

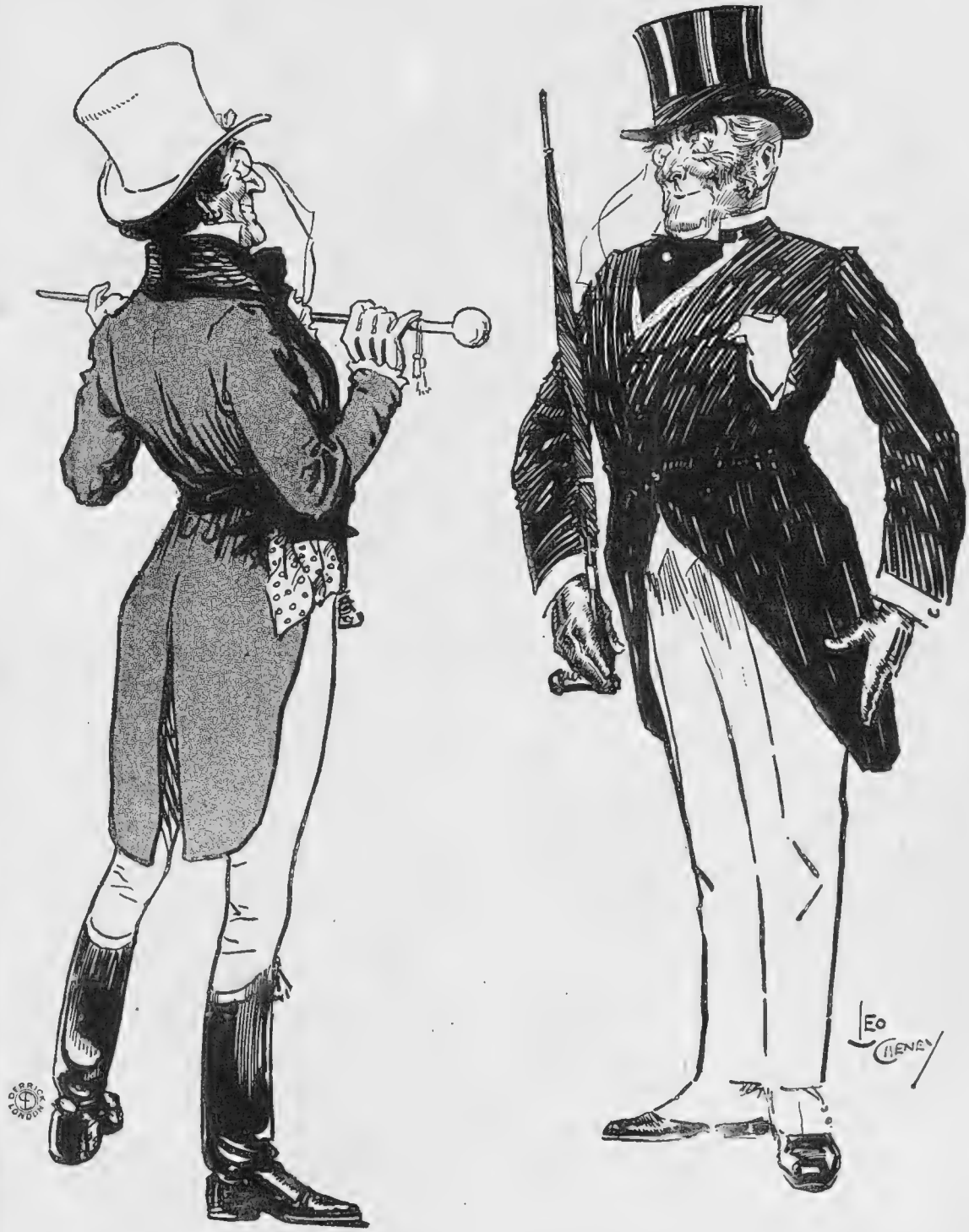
And just as it were to turn our thoughts from the daily war bulletins, we are threatened with a *procès*, which promises to be amusing, if not sensational. In it figures a Monsieur Desclaux, who, of course, is credited with belonging to the band Caillaux, two or three—intermediaries, and a famous dressmaker, Madame Béchoff. She, by the way, is supposed to be in the cell formerly allotted to Madame Caillaux at the St. Lazare Prison. Monsieur Béchoff is, of course, at the front, and the other half of the firm, David, being German, fled to his native land before the outbreak of the war. Well, as far as anybody can make out, Monsieur Desclaux, who dealt in matters relative to the victualling of the army, forgot this sometimes, and sent various legs of mutton and other things, of course, by means of the said intermediaries, to Madame Béchoff at her country house, instead of sending them to the army!



LE VOTE

This abuse has been discovered, everybody has been put under lock and key, and other arrests are imminent. Madame, of course, energetically denies all complicity — Desclaux also, and it looks as if the unlucky go-betweens, who carried the provisions, will be the ones to pay in the end. It is even said that the trial will be by Court-Martial. *Qui vivra verra!* And Monsieur and Madame Caillaux have arrived back from America just in time to see the fun.

Born 1820
—Still going strong.



JOHNNIE WALKER: "Why this martial attitude?"

OLD GENTLEMAN: "I have just paid my super-tax. I am in the first battalion of the We-find-the-money Brigade."

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Near Ivangorod

BY THE BYSTANDER IN POLAND

WHILE a thousand guns are thundering near Warsaw, I write this in peaceful Novo-Alexandriya, near Ivangorod Fortress. I came here not to avoid Warsaw's thundering guns, but its thundering lies. Warsaw is full of citizens who buttonhole you with "Have you heard the latest?" and after this invariably comes the alarmist whopper that Hindenburg has crossed the Vistula, and that Grand Duke Nicholas will retire on Moscow. The Hotel Bristol, Warsaw, is the centre of these tales; and naturally the Bystander in Poland is the centre of the Hotel Bristol.

It took me thirteen hours to cover the hundred versts from Warsaw here. As result of taking an automobile, it took me two further hours to cover the two miles from the station to the yellow river bank where Novo-Alexandriya lies. That is the rate of such autos as war has spared. The chauffeur amazed me by telling me that Novo-Alexandriya's only hotel is also the "Hotel Bristol." It is a harmless, yellow-faced building facing a yard of lindens. "Have you heard that the Germans have taken Radom?" was the greeting of its proprietor.

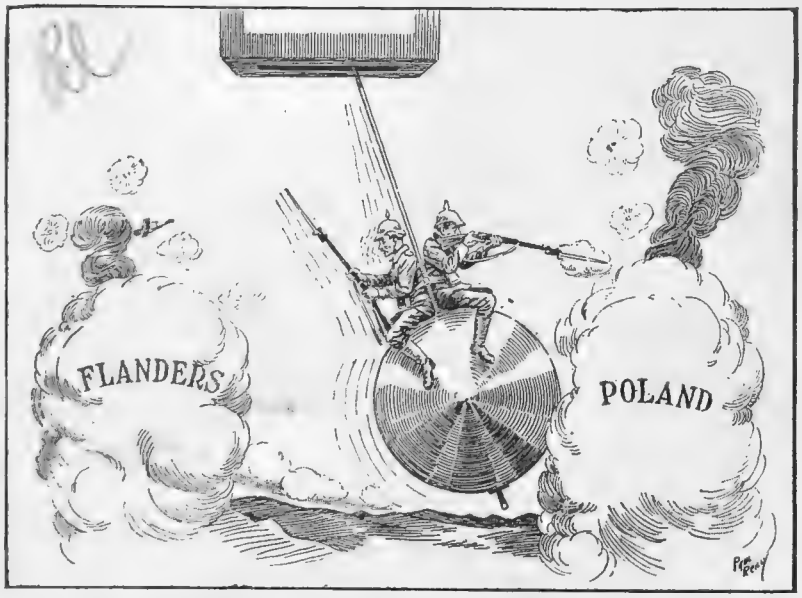
Every town in Poland has a Hotel Bristol; and a proprietor who asks: "Have you heard that the Germans. . . ." If I had had sense I should have put up in Laznia. This Laznia is the most wonderful thing made by the war. It is a pontoon village. Having told the Bristol proprietor that the Germans had not taken Radom, I went out to inspect it. In October Field-Marshal Hindenburg tried to cross the Vistula here. He brought pontoons. He ran them out far into the yellow Vistula, roped them, and anchored them. At a critical moment up came a Siberian corps with tons of field-guns; and they so battered the Field-Marshal's pontoons that half of them sank.

When the Germans retreated the pontoons were dragged ashore. They were set out bottoms up near Laznia. Laznia means baths; and there are baths close by. Careful refugees who had lost hearth and home pasted canvas patches over the holes, made doors, and crept in, and now they live in the pontoons. In twelve pontoons reside over seventy persons. They come from Opotschno, in Central Poland. They told me that they wanted to live in Ivangorod Fortress. But brave General Schwartz, the Commander, would not take them in. They were happy. The kindly Hotel Bristol man had asked them, "Have you heard that the Germans . . ." and had given them seed and implements; and next spring (if spring ever comes) they will cultivate islands in the Vistula, and live as lived Adam and Eve.

The pontoon-dwellers took me on the Radom Road. We stopped at Sasnoro, and viewed German trenches. I have been a good deal over German trenches; but the Sasnoro trenches are the neatest I have seen. Where the trench ends by the roadway there is a beautiful, ornamental hexagonal pit, and all round it are shelves, dug in the clay, and paved with neatly sawn boards. Evidently the Germans here kept their jam and tobacco. For a mile the trench goes as straight as a die; then for a hundred yards it is filled in; then it goes straight for another mile. The filled in part is a German and Russian grave. Over it is a cross.

The chief of the refugees, Pan Jasnicki, invited me into his pontoon home. As there was no ventilation, and Pani (Mrs.) Jasnicki was making a fire, I declined. We sat on top. Jasnicki told me tales of the brave defence of Ivangorod. He said: "Have you ever heard of a town being saved by a trifle?" "Yes; geese saved the Capitol." Pan Jasnicki said his brother was a groom at Washington; but he had never written anything about the geese. He added that hair-dye saved Ivangorod.

Once during a tough Austro-German assault, Ivangorod seemed imperilled. The indefatigable Schwartz rode from fort to fort encouraging his braves. Schwartz rode on a horse which once was white, but which, to meet war's exigencies, had been dyed bay. There were no horse-dyes in Ivangorod; and the General's groom had to use hair-dye. The General rode between two forts in a terrific rainstorm; and on the windward side the rain washed the horse back to snowy whiteness, while on the leeward side the hair-dye remained. When the General reached the westernmost forts the *moujik* warriors, badly cut up, were wavering. Suddenly on them flashed the unprecedented horse. A horse bay on one side and pure white on the other! A miracle! Hurrah! Every man's spirit bucked up, and Ivangorod was saved.



THE GERMAN ADVANCE—AS AMERICA SEES IT

(*From* LIFE, *New York*)

"JUST TWO WORDS!"

NESTLÉ'S MILK

is the best substitute for mother's milk because Milk is Nature's food for infants—one that cannot be improved on. Therefore

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ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF IT

And nearly as useful in this condition as when it was the pride of Zeppelin and the delight of the eyes of the German people. This was the first photograph taken of the wrecked and burned Zeppelin airship L 3 in the water at low tide on the Island of Fanoe

Motoring and "The Petrol War"

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The M.T. in Being

"OLE Luk Oie," the only official Eye-Witness, has been turning things over in his mind, and as a result we have a two-column despatch upon "the petrol war," and a very interesting despatch it is. It shows, *inter alia*, that the breakdown gangs are very much abroad; so that, should you receive any tempting offers to join syndicates which are going to make great fortunes by picking up motor *débris* after or during the war, it were well to let the money rust a little longer in the bank. Because it is clear that what the Mechanical Transport Department is leaving on the roads would not represent a fortune to a municipal dustman. On paper the organisation, with its parks and depôts, its advanced and base stations, its tyre presses both stationary and mobile, its fixed and travelling repair shops, seems to be as near perfection as it can get within the conditions. "Mechanical propulsion," says Eye-Witness, "has practically replaced horse traction on the roads."

THE AUTOMOBILE OF ADMIRALTY

One of the many Talbots supplied to the Army and Navy for every sort of purpose. This is the streamline touring type for officers. Mechanically a replica of the vehicle which, tuned up, first crowded a hundred miles into the hour

BETTER LIGHT AHEAD.—C. A. V. lamp bulbs for car-lighting give more light at least cost and entail no trouble. British throughout. Write for new catalogue.—C. A. VANDERVELL & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

Problems and Solutions

One of the principal (and palpable) difficulties is emphasised. With so many makes of motor vehicles in use, the supply of spare parts presents a problem which is only the more complicated by lack of standardisation, and by the fact that there is not always a common name for the various parts. It means that for the future there must not only be a concentration upon particular types for military work, but an insistence upon that first essential of economic production and efficient running—absolute standardisation. After the experience of this war there will, I imagine, be nothing whatever doing in the way of subsidy for vehicles dependent in any part upon the hand-file method. These things I have ventured once or twice already to submit. I am nicely bucked by the present support of the distinguished author of "The Green Curve." Of course, the only solution for the difficulty of his non-technical officer who wired for "two wheels for a motor-lorry made by ——, a firm believed to have works in Blankshire," a firm, incidentally, turning out a score of different patterns of wheel, is to transfer the non-technical officer to a job where intelligence is not required and to see that every motor vehicle is equipped with a mechanic-driver, or, at any rate, a driver who knows enough about his car to be able to order spare parts intelligently.

***

Tyre Sizes

The Society of Motor Manufacturers announce that eleven tyre sizes only will be manufactured after the old cars with odd sizes still on the wheels have died out. This has been rendered possible by the standardisation of rim sizes consummated two years ago. It is a useful reform very long overdue.

***

Capturing De Wet

The Clement-Talbot Company send me a long and stirring story by Captain D. H. Saker of the chase and capture of De Wet. Captain Saker was in charge of No. 2 motor-car contingent on that occasion, and with many other Clement-Talbot cars (all of which came back from the gruelling without casualties—a splendid performance), was in at the final rounding-up of the elusive Christian. The story should be preserved in more permanent form, and doubtless will be.

***

Expansion

The Warland Dual Rim Company announce a large extension of their works in Alma Street, Aston, Birmingham. This will enable the firm to handle private orders. Until now Government work has forced the private order to stand down or out. But the new factory acquired will ensure the private order receiving prompt attention. Send it along.

TO FORD OWNERS.—The Claudel-Hobson special carburettor set for Fords, price £5 5s., increases power and reduces consumption. Once set never requires alteration.—H. M. HOBSON, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

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ILLUSTRATED

No. 588.—Vol. XLV. Wednesday, March 10, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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On gravel soil, in one of the most picturesque old-world villages in England.

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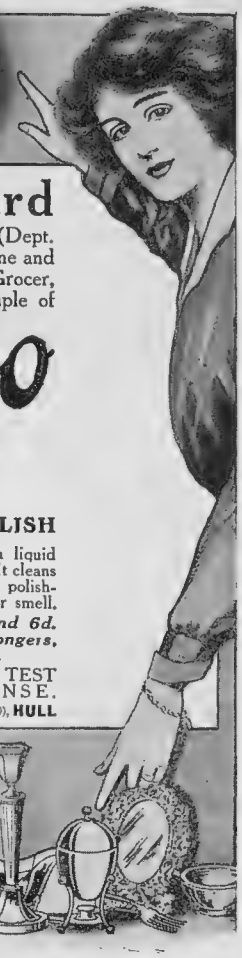

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to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. 100), Hull, giving your name and address and that of your Grocer, will bring you a free sample of

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THE NEW PLATE POLISH

SILVO saves silver. It is a liquid polish entirely free from dust. It cleans the silver thoroughly as well as polishing it, and it leaves no taste or smell.

SILVO is sold in 3d. and 6d. tins by Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, Stores, &c.

Send for a free sample and TEST IT AT OUR EXPENSE.

RECKITT & SONS, Ltd. (Dept. 100), HULL

To Polish These

SOMETHING CHEERY FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT.

The 'Daily Graphic' War Cartoons

BY JACK WALKER.

Price 1d. each. By post 1½d.

D. H. Evans & Co Ltd.

Our Registered British-made Washing Silk

SPUNGOLA

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The Silk of all Silks For Ladies' Shirts.

20in. wide, 1/11¾ per yd.

Heavier Weight Spungola for Gentlemen's Day and Night Shirts and Pyjamas. Wide and Narrow Stripes and Plain Colours.

31in. wide, 3/6 per yd.

Write for Patterns, 130 New Designs and Colourings.

Illustrated Books of Boys' and Girls' School Outfits, also Advance Fashions in Costumes, Coats, Blouses, and Millinery Post Free.

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EFFECTIVE SPUNGOLA SILK SHIRT

In Fashionable Wide and Narrow Coloured Stripes on White Grounds, Pink, Blue, Green, Brown, Black, or Plain Navy

Price 12/9

Sizes 13½ to 14½.

Special Measure 2/6 Extra.

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Wedding Presents & Mementoes, 3/6 to £20, in Old Copper, Gun Metal, Teak & Oak.

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"Collingwood," "Barfleur," "Renown," "Southampton," "Wellesley," etc.

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Shipbreaking Yards: Blyth and Newcastle.

Trial Bottle. 6d.

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Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.

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Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 40 years.

At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Superfluous Hairs.

(ELECTROLYSIS HOME TREATMENT.)

I want to place a copy of my book, **"The Face Perfect,"** *in the hands of every woman who is a sufferer from this dread scourge of superfluous hair. It is FREE to you. If you are anxious to rid yourself for ever of your disfigurement, this book will show you how it is possible. Write to-day. All letters Strictly Confidential.*

MADAME TENSFELDT, 122E, PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

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Drapers, Stores, Hairdressers, Everywhere. 6d. & 1/- the Box.

Hair Wavers.

FINEST WAR PICTURES IN "THE GRAPHIC."

Published every Friday, Price 6d.

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ABSOLUTELY BRITISH

Brightest Shine in Quickest Time

FREE SAMPLE FROM WORKS, MALT STREET, OLD KENT ROAD.

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Claims Paid £12,500,000. Assets £3,000,000.

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Rain
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— As illustration —

A new and effective Seaside Coat for Rain and Dust, in various shades of fine Waterproof Coating. One of the latest styles.

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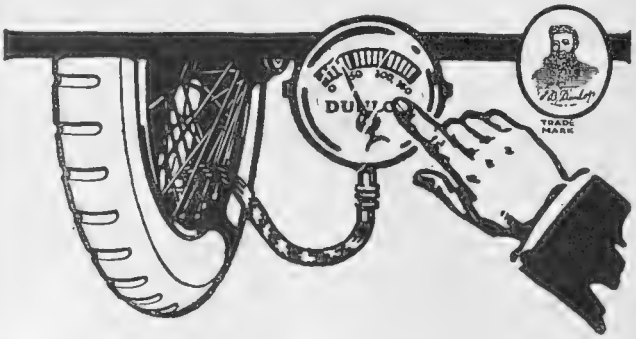
Do you trouble about air pressure?

If not, do so at once. The whole principle of the pneumatic tyre depends on proper inflation. Adequate air pressure will make your tyres last longer, and increase your riding comfort. The

DUNLOP

tyre was the first based upon the pneumatic principle, and it is their thorough understanding of the subject that has enabled the Dunlop Rubber Company to manufacture tyres unexcelled for economy and durability.

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD., Founders throughout the World of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry, Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.; PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.



When buying Service kit or new season's shirts ask your Outfitter to show you

"Viyella"

(Regd. Trade Mark).

It incorporates the qualities most desirable in a material for day and night wear. Soft and light, yet warm and chill-preventing, "Viyella" is very durable, washes well and does not shrink. "Viyella" Shirts can be obtained ready-to-wear or made-to-measure in a variety of artistic patterns and shades, including regulation greys and khakis, and is made in light, medium and heavy-weight.

OF ALL GOOD-CLASS OUTFITTERS.

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining, please write for patterns and information to

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By Royal Appointment.

"DUVET" CHAIRS

ENGLISH MADE PARQUET FLOORS (HOWARD'S PATENT).

BRITISH MANUFACTURED FABRICS.

HOWARD & SONS, LTD.
Manufacturers,
25-27, BERNERS STREET, W.

A Passport to Safety

Whenever you buy a Tyre with a Tread like this, you are providing yourself with the maximum amount of Motoring safety.

The repetition of its 6 tough rubber fingers in a normal size tyre gives you 228 tenacious grips of the road with every revolution of the wheel.

Send for Catalogue giving the full story of

GOODRICH

"SAFETY" TREAD TYRES

THE B.F. GOODRICH CO. LTD., 117, Golden Lane, London, E.C.

The Symbol of Safety

The Safety of the Symbol

THE "BEHR" WADER STOCKING

(prov. pat. 549. 13/1/15)

ADOPTED by the WAR OFFICE for the troops in the TRENCHES.

Messrs. Farlow have pleasure in informing the general public that they have now made arrangements whereby immediate deliveries can be guaranteed of these now famous Wader Stockings.

Messrs. Farlow take this opportunity of expressing their regret for any inconvenience caused by the delay owing to great pressure on War Office Contracts.

To ensure satisfaction insist on the "BEHR" Wader.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining them from your outfitter write direct to the manufacturers:

FARLOW and CO.,
10, Charles St., St. James's Sq., London, S.W.

Price **30/-** per pair, as illustrated.

These Waders can also be supplied with an additional protection covering the boot like a spat (pat. applied for) at **5/-** per pair extra.

POPE & BRADLEY'S
Civil & Military Tailors

OFFICERS' OUTFITS.

It is imperative to impress upon Officers who have not seen active service the necessity of ordering their Kit only from recognised West End Military tailors. Second grade materials and workmanship are useless, and will never stand the excessive strain of work at the Front.

The reputation of Pope and Bradley ensures not only correct Military style, but every garment produced being made of the finest and most expensive material procurable. The War Office grant of £50 for Officers' equipment is amply sufficient to cover the cost, and it is a very false economy to purchase an indifferent Kit in order to save a few pounds.

The following represents in detail a complete Infantry Outfit (Two Service Suits and Two Overcoats are absolutely necessary):—

Service Jacket (Whipcord or Serge)	£3 3 0
Do. Do. (Guards' Barathea)	4 4 0
Pair of Slacks	1 1 0
Do. Infantry Breeches	1 15 0
British Warm	3 15 0
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Collar Badges, Regimental Buttons and Metal Stars (for above four Coats)	2 0 0
Waterproof Coat	3 3 0
Four Khaki Shirts at 10/6	2 2 0
Six Khaki Collars at 1/6	0 9 0
Silk Tie	0 4 6
Puttees	0 7 6
Sam Browne Belt (best quality)	2 12 6
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Leaving a balance of **£19 12s. 6d.** for Camp Equipment, Revolver and Boots.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
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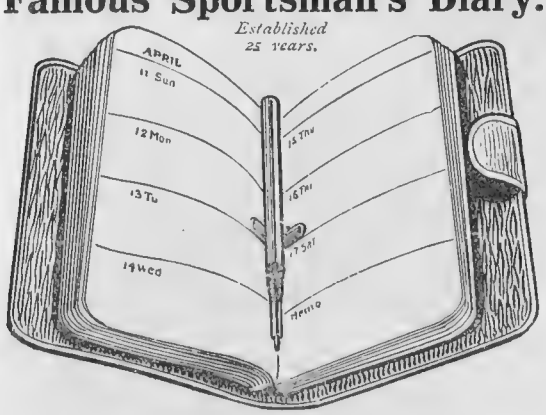
GANT'S
Famous Sportsman's Diary.

Established 25 years.



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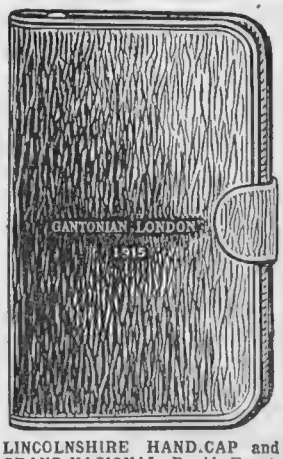
This Diary is of suitable size for the waistcoat pocket, beautifully finished in red morocco leather, and is as serviceable to the Sportsman as it is elegant. It is complete with novel fastener and the neatest imaginable nickel pencil cunningly ensconced in a patent clip, enabling automatic opening of the Diary at any particular page. It is sent FREE to Old and New Clients. Write for a Copy—D. M. GANT, 41, New Bond St., London, W.



LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP and GRAND NATIONAL. Double Event. Full Multiplied Odds. S.P. on all races

Mainly About Country Attire

BY MRS. JACK MAY

EASTER is not yet, but we are heading in that direction. And the reflection has served to bring country clothes on the tapis. Myself, I love country attire, the really properly thoughtout-consistent-in-every-detail dress, worn with the right air. Some women there are absolutely incapable of assimilating such garments, habitual town women for the most part, who are obviously lost without a certain fussiness and frequently strained smartness of *habillée* dress.

A studiously simple coat and skirt, possibly a little dowdy, does not, by any manner of means, express the sum total of an attractive country appearance; a fact testified to more strongly every day by the tailors who specialise in this particular branch. It is a positive revelation to spend an hour or two's close study on the infinite variety brought to bear on these models. And we have long had the assurance which is now verified up to the hilt, that no country other than England can devise and execute to the same perfection sports and country suits, together with suitable millinery, foot, and hand gear, and tailored shirts. We have opinions that almost amount to laws on the subject, and ideas for which we are beholden to none.

Charity Grey Cloth and Powder-Blue

To Mrs. Dorothy Millar is entirely due the original model illustrated, a scheme based on certain texts recently spoken by *La Mode*, but enhanced by an individual flavour, that one can feel rather than express. For the short, saucy little coat there is used a plain cloth or tweed, in the grey *nuance* known as "Charity," while the tweed skirt is in tone, faintly checked over with powder-blue and lines of black, the latter being picked up in a fine black military braid, employed as a binding to the coat. A feature bound to invite inquiry is the high-knotted collar of the same material, which, if desired, can be thrown open, when the ends form long hanging revers.

With this there is worn a black velours hat, with a powder-blue band of corded ribbon. The spats should, of course, be grey, and soft grey or white washing gauntlet gloves worn. Or another alternative equally pleasing would be grey stockings and black brogued shoes.

AN ORIGINAL COUNTRY SUIT

Specially designed for "The Bystander" by Dorothy Millar and fully described on this page

Studied Simplicity of the Smartest Shirts

However much some may question the advisability of adopting the close-fitting high collar with blouses of more fanciful character, with the severely practical shirt it appeals at once as singularly in harmony. And, as was to be easily surmised, this collar has brought in its train the revival of the high black satin or silk stock, an always singularly becoming finish at the throat, that is considerably enhanced by a small, slightly outstanding collar of fine French muslin delicately hemstitched.

The effect can be seen and judged in the pictured shirt of heavy white satin, the fronts closing with self-covered buttons, which are repeated as an ornamental feature in the deep shapely cuffs, into which the easily fitting sleeve is drawn. It is, by the way, becoming quite a recognised fancy to fit this style of shirt blouse with a slot and elastic at the waist. The quaint little basin-like hat worn is of black tagel, the crown entirely

A GRACEFUL FIGURE AND A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a Double Chin, Large Waist, Large Bust, Large Abdomen, or that Ugly Flesh hanging over your Corset at the back, which adds years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., or call, when she will give you all particulars of her treatment, which she guarantees will remove all Superfluous Flesh, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles or any other blemishes. No dieting nor exercises necessary.

MEDICALLY APPROVED.

Wrinkles, Crow's Feet, and that ugly droop at the corners of the mouth can be cured by her method.

NOTICE.—**Madame Elvira will, owing to the general state of finance, make a considerable reduction in her fees to Ladies wishing to avail themselves of her treatment during the War.**

Madame ELVIRA, SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE.
4a, LOWER BELGRAVE STREET, VICTORIA, S.W.
Telephone: 6017 Victoria.

Bensdorp's Royal Dutch Cocoa

is the queen of all cocoas for strength, aroma, purity

Ask your Grocer for sample, or send for same direct to—
BENSDORP'S ROYAL DUTCH COCOA, 31, Eastcheap, LONDON, E.C.

THE ECONOMY OF ECKFORD'S SEEDS.

THE circumstances of this present year emphasise a point which has been well established in the many years during which Eckford's Seeds have been bought and sown: namely their **ECONOMY.** We have every confidence in claiming that **Eckford's Seeds represent the truest economy in gardening,** and that should form a powerful addition to the many sound reasons why Eckford's Seeds should be preferred by gardeners who wish to secure the maximum result with a minimum expenditure. What is the object of the gardener in sowing seeds? Certainly not to fill his flower-borders and vegetable plots with stunted plants, weedy growths and weaklings; he does not aim at "bare patches." No, his great hope is for an abundance of glorious bloom produced on strong, healthy plants, and a "record" crop of best vegetables, and to secure these there is no questioning that "quality" of seed counts first.

Genuine Eckford's Seeds can only be obtained direct from Wem. No Agents are employed.

A VEGETABLE GARDEN FOR 6/6.

Eckford's Ideal Collection of Vegetable Seeds. **Carriage Paid for Cash.**
This Special Collection of Vegetable Seeds is put up for the purpose of letting everybody test for themselves **Eckford's Pure** and **High-class Seeds.** The quantities are sufficient for Ordinary Gardens, Allotments, etc., and contain the following:—Four half-pints of Eckford's Pedigree Culinary Peas for succession; half-pints each of Broad Beans, Dwarf French Beans and Scarlet Runners, and liberal packets of the following small seeds:—Beet, Borecole, Broccoli (three varieties—early, medium and late), Brussels Sprouts, Early Cabbage, Pickling Cabbage, Savoy, Carrot, Early Cauliflower, Celery, Cress, Ridge Cucumber, Lettuce (two varieties), Mustard, Onions (two varieties), Parsley, Parsnips, Radish, Tomato, Garden Turnip, and Vegetable Marrow. The above are all excellent kinds—fine for exhibition. If pints of Peas and Beans are required instead of half-pints, the price of the Collection will be **9/- CARRIAGE PAID.**
We include FREE a specially-written Booklet on Vegetable Culture for the Amateur. For places abroad, the **Ideal Collection** will be 8/6 and 11/- respectively, post free for cash. **Will customers kindly note that we cannot alter this Collection.**

ECKFORD'S CULINARY PEAS.

If you have never tried Eckford's culinary peas, do so now. They are heavy croppers, and the flavour is right. All seeds are carefully hand picked.

COLLECTION A.—4 pints of ECKFORD'S CULINARY PEAS, in sealed packets for complete succession **3/9**
COLLECTION B.—6 pints of ECKFORD'S CULINARY PEAS, in sealed packets for complete succession **5/6**
COLLECTION C.—9 pints of ECKFORD'S CULINARY PEAS, in sealed packets for complete succession **8/6**
ECKFORD'S Best of all Runner Beans, a grand new variety, some pods measuring 12 inches or more in length, of excellent cooking qualities, and a very free bearer .. per qt. **2/6**

FREE Send a postcard to-day for large illustrated Catalogue. It gives all particulars of the NEW SWEET PEAS for 1915, and contains a full list of ALL FLOWER and VEGETABLE SEEDS necessary for your garden.

HENRY ECKFORD, F.R.H.S.,
Seed Grower and Specialist (Dept. 79), WEM, SHROPSHIRE.

FRODSHAM

Watches, Wristlet Watches, Speedometers (*British.*)
27, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.

WILL WOUNDED OFFICERS

Who no longer require their WEBLEY-SCOTT AUTOMATIC PISTOLS (455 size) kindly communicate with "THE GENERAL." 48, Dover St., W., who is prepared to purchase same.

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS."

139-141, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

WILSON & GILL'S "CAMPAIGN" WRIST WATCH.

RELIABLE TIMEKEEPER.

SOLID SILVER, 50/-
9 CT. GOLD, £5. 18 CT. GOLD, £7.

LUMINOUS FIGURES and HANDS.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF LATEST NOVELTIES POST FREE.

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ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1845

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE EFFECTED

swathed in black taffeta, with, at the one side, a cluster of outstanding loops.

The Vogue for Tiny Pipings and Bias Folds

Detail after detail of present-day modes can be traced as emanating from the period extending from about 1860 to 1870—changes were not nearly so rapid in those days as now—there are, for instance, groups of tiny pipings. I saw these most effectively used in conjunction with a *chic* little coat and skirt of black taffeta. The pipings served to emphasise the mounting of the lower and fuller half of the skirt, which was mounted in round scallops. Then at the hem, at stated intervals, there occurred quaint applied *motifs*, formed of tiny bias folds of the silk laid closely the one over the other, the whole arranged to suggest an oblong. This ornament again was distinctly mid-Victorian, whereas the bolero coatee carried various small modern touches, together with the favourite close-fitting collar rolling over at the summit, above which came a full-pleated frill of white *tulle*. Although a so-called tailor-made, there were certain feminine touches about this model that made for great attraction.

SMART SHIRT OF STUDIED SIMPLICITY

In heavy white satin, with close-fitting high collar and deep cuffs

DESIGNED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Violets, Sweet Violets

In a lovely old-world Sussex garden there is a violet nursery, the occupants of which are nurtured and cared for as though they were really children by the Misses A. and D. Allen-Brown, who in a glorified Still Room subsequently extract all the essence of these violets for perfumes, powders, face creams, soap, etc. Under the auspices of these clever floriculturists all manner of dainty fancies are evolved, violet not only in character, but in colouring and expression.

A more welcome or attractive gift could not be imagined than an Allen-Brown mauve and white plaited basket, equipped with one or more bottles of violet perfume, or a pretty little week-end handkerchief sachet got up in Neapolitan violet satin, fitted with violet scent sachet. A nightdress-case similarly expressed is absolutely charming, the whole impregnated with the soft fragrance of the flower. As usual, a new season's catalogue has been brought out, lavishly illustrated, which can be had for the asking on application to the Violet Nurseries, Henfield, Sussex.

A Figure Culture Opportunity

As time proceeds the influences of the war are made apparent in an ever-increasing variety of ways, many altogether unsuspected and not by any means always disadvantageous. Madame Elvira, for example, the well-known specialist in face and figure culture, has generously lowered her fees, and, though she is, in consequence, exceedingly busy, has decided to keep them at the same level until quieter days are reached and incomes attain more normal conditions. Here then is the opportunity ready and waiting for those suffering from obesity in any of its disfiguring forms to find out exactly how Mme. Elvira deals scientifically and hygienically with these troubles. Flesh reduction, as practised by Elvira, does not necessarily mean turning a fine, properly developed figure into a thin scraggy one. All that happens is a working towards proportionate values, and the whole matter rests in these expert hands, neither dieting nor exercise being required.

The sorrows and anxieties of the war are already reflected in the faces of many women. And here, again, Elvira comes to our aid, an hour of her peculiarly soothing massage restoring jangled nerves, as well as removing wrinkles, crow's feet about the eyes, and that general debility of the skin and complexion engendered by harassment and worry. Elvira's address, by the way, is, as it has always been, 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W.

A New Silver Polish

"Silvo," the new polish manufactured by Reckitt and Sons, Ltd., is excellent for cleaning and polishing of silver and plate. It is in liquid form, which ensures cleanliness in use, and there is nothing in it to injure any metal work, while the brilliancy and lasting effect of the polish obtained through its agency is remarkable. "Silvo" is sold in 3*d*. and 6*d*. sprinkler tins.

The "Soldier's Own" Diary

Always original and up-to-date with their diaries, Messrs. Charles Letts and Co., of 3, Royal Exchange, are

HOW TO HELP TOMMY ATKINS

We cannot all go out to fight, but we can all do something to help our soldiers who are fighting our battles and defending the honour of our native land, and in this way contribute to their well-being and efficiency.

SEND HIM A FLASK OF

HORLICK'S

MALTED MILK TABLETS

Invaluable to a soldier in the field and most efficient in relieving hunger and thirst and preventing fatigue.

We will send post free to any address a flask of these delicious and sustaining food tablets and a neat vest pocket case on receipt of 1/6. If the man is on Active Service be particular to give his name, regimental number, regiment, brigade, and division.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in convenient pocket flasks, **1/-** each. Larger sizes, **1/6, 2/6** and **11/-**

LIBERAL SAMPLE SENT POST FREE FOR 3d. IN STAMPS.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

PRISONERS OF WAR

in Germany and Holland are continually writing for tins of CAFÉ AU LAIT

to be sent them, as they cannot buy such a thing, even if they have the money. The Postal Authorities send parcels up to 11lbs. in weight free of postage, and any post office will supply information.

SEND SOME TINS of Café au Lait to any friend who is a prisoner of war—they will be appreciated. Be sure you get

MILKMAID BRAND
Café au Lait
KAFFAY-O-LAY

Not an essence or anything of that sort—just the finest Coffee made with milk and sugar in correct proportions, as served in France—Prepared in a moment—boiling water only needed.

Sold in 5½d. and 10d. tins by all Grocers and Stores. Sample free on receipt of name and address of Grocer and 2d. stamps.

'MILKMAID BRAND' C.L. Depot 6-8, Eastcheap, London, and Branches.

Better Service— yet costs no more.

Notwithstanding the superiority of our Service (patronised by the most particular people in the land), our prices for Cleaning and Dyeing are really very low. In many cases we charge *less* than you might pay for work of far inferior quality.

You may have thought, from the appearance of our Branches and the high opinions current regarding our work, that we are a "Very high-class Firm; *but rather expensive.*"

A glance through our Illustrated Price List will disabuse you on the latter point. Write for a copy.

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office:
Hackney Wick, London

Branches & Agencies Everywhere

C29

making a special feature this year of the "soldier's own" diary—a handy little pocket book costing 1s. (in khaki-coloured cover, of course), in which will be found along with the ordinary diary pages a whole lot of information about the things that a soldier wants to know. A most useful little present for anyone in training or going to the front.

WATERMAN'S "IDEAL" FOUNTAIN PEN

The Active Service Pen

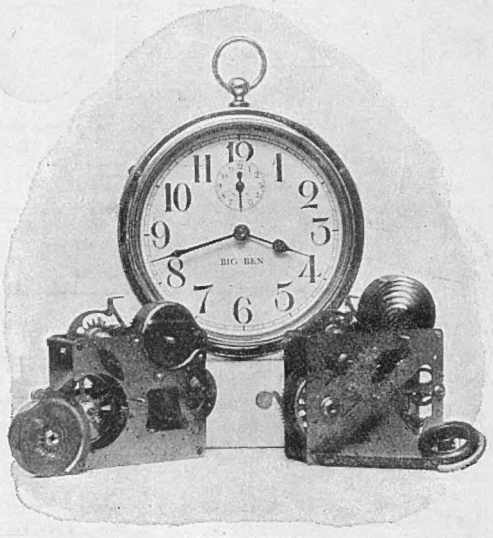
The Safety "Waterman's Ideal" fountain pen is just the thing to send to a soldier or sailor. It cannot leak in any position; it has a large ink supply; and it is sealed when open and sealed when closed. The four types of Waterman's Ideal sold by all stationers and jewellers are the Regular, the Pump-Filling, the Self-Filling, and the Safety. These pens, with ordinary care, last a lifetime, and may be obtained with nibs to suit all hands. Every pen is guaranteed, and the nibs may be changed again and again if necessary until the hand is exactly suited without any extra charge.

Economy in the Garden

This year more than any other in every branch of life people will be seeking to spend their money in a way which will bring them back the best return. Economy will be a necessity for all. Many who are concerned with gardens will be loth to forego the fragrance of annuals, yet they will not be able to spend very much upon them. Every gardener, therefore, whether professional or amateur, will do well to write to Mr. H. Eckford, F.R.H.S. (Dept. 61), Wem, Shropshire, for one of his illustrated catalogues. His seeds are renowned, and while sweet-peas are his speciality, other flowers, and vegetables as well, when grown from seeds procured from him, are most successful.

A Reliable Alarm Clock

The "Big Ben," the most popular alarm clock in the U.S.A., is now being introduced into this country, and from the handsomeness and strength of its construction and its absolute reliability, is likely to be soon in great demand. We show a "Big Ben" with the works exposed, more particularly the "cartridge spring" which anyone can remove and replace without taking the movement apart. Main springs, however well made, do break at times owing to change of temperature, and so the makers furnish a new spring on request should the one originally fitted give out. The clock can be adjusted so that it rings for five minutes continuously or for ten minutes at half-minute intervals. The tone is distinctive and insistent, yet musical, and there is no question as to its rousing capabilities.



"BIG BEN"

An American alarm clock recently introduced into this country. The illustration shows the works exposed

The Menu: Fish Cookery

THE recipes given are for the least expensive fish that can be obtained just now, as, owing to the war, the price of fish, like everything else, has gone up considerably.

A Fresh Haddock (Baked)

A fresh haddock about 1½lb. to 2 lb. does well for this way of cooking. Lay the fish in cold salted water for half an hour. Dry it in a cloth, stuff it with forcemeat, sew it up, brush it over with egg, and cover with breadcrumbs. Lay it in a well-greased baking-tin, put some good dripping or butter in the tin, and baste the fish frequently. It will take from three-quarters of an hour to an hour, according to the size. Serve with a good brown sauce.

FORCEMEAT.—1 oz. of butter, 1 oz. of suet, ¼ lb. of breadcrumbs, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one egg, salt and cayenne, a pinch of nutmeg.

Cod's Roe Cutlets

Procure a large roe and boil it slowly for half an hour, putting into the water a tablespoonful of vinegar and the same of salt; when cooked let it drain and get quite cold. Then cut into slices half an inch thick and trim to a neat shape. Brush the slices over with egg, cover with breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat to a golden colour. Garnish with a little chopped parsley and slices of lemon, and serve anchovy or cheese sauce. N.B.—A little cornflower mixed with water to the consistency of beaten egg answers quite as well as the latter for brushing over fish, cutlets, etc., and the breadcrumbs adhere perfectly. I give this hint as eggs are so dear at the present time.

Steamed Fish Pudding

Take equal quantities of mashed potato and any cooked white fish, pound it well together, and mix in 2 oz. of butter. Beat up two eggs and put them in a bowl with half a teacupful of breadcrumbs, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Mix these well together, and add them to the fish. Butter a mould, and put the mixture into it, tie a buttered paper over the top. Steam for one hour. Turn out, and serve with parsley and butter sauce.

Scallops in Shells

These are in season now, and if cooked in the following way are very delicious. Wash the scallops well in two or three waters, trim away the beards, keeping the white and orange coloured parts. Stew them very gently in milk and water for about ten minutes, then take them out and cut them up and mix with them a little salt, pepper, a pinch of cayenne, and a little finely chopped parsley. Make a thick white sauce, and put in the fish, stir over the fire for a minute, and then turn out into shells, add the squeeze of a lemon, strew white breadcrumbs over, and having put pieces of butter on the top of each shell, brown in the oven and serve very hot.

Cod Cutlets with Tomato Sauce

Well butter a dish and sprinkle it with finely chopped parsley, pepper, and salt. Cut three or four slices of cod an inch thick, divide them, take off the skin, and remove the bones. Lay the cutlets in the dish, sprinkle with lemon-juice, moisten with a little stock, and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour. Have ready some tomato sauce, dish up the cutlets, pour the sauce over, and serve at once.

Casserole of Fish

Roll up some small fillets of lemon sole. Put them in a casserole with some tomatoes, black pepper, and a very small onion, flavour with salt and pepper, and cover with stock, place in a moderate oven for half an hour, remove the gravy, strain it, and thicken it, and add half a wineglassful of sherry. Pour on to the fish in the casserole, and heat for ten minutes in the oven. Serve in the casserole.

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